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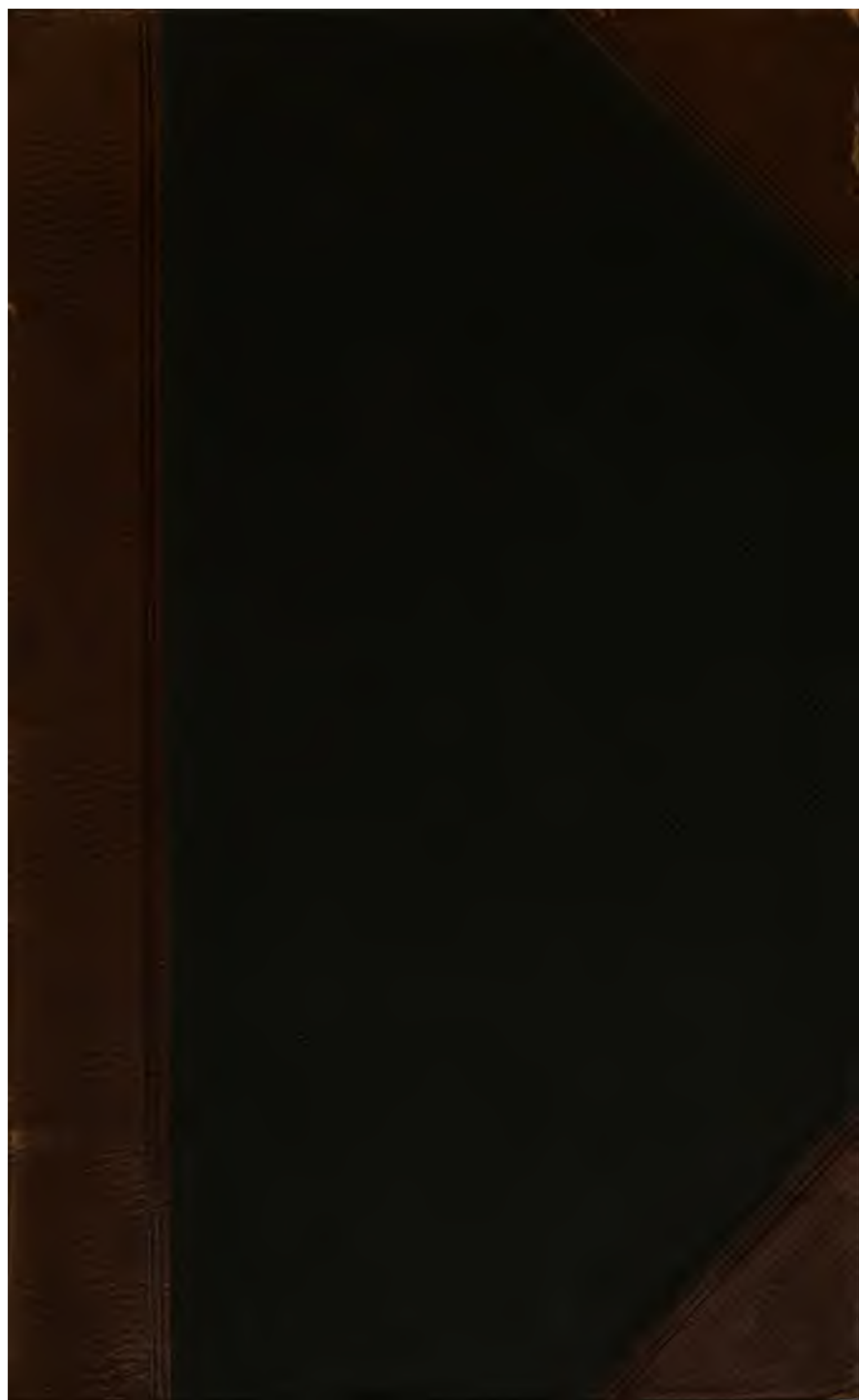
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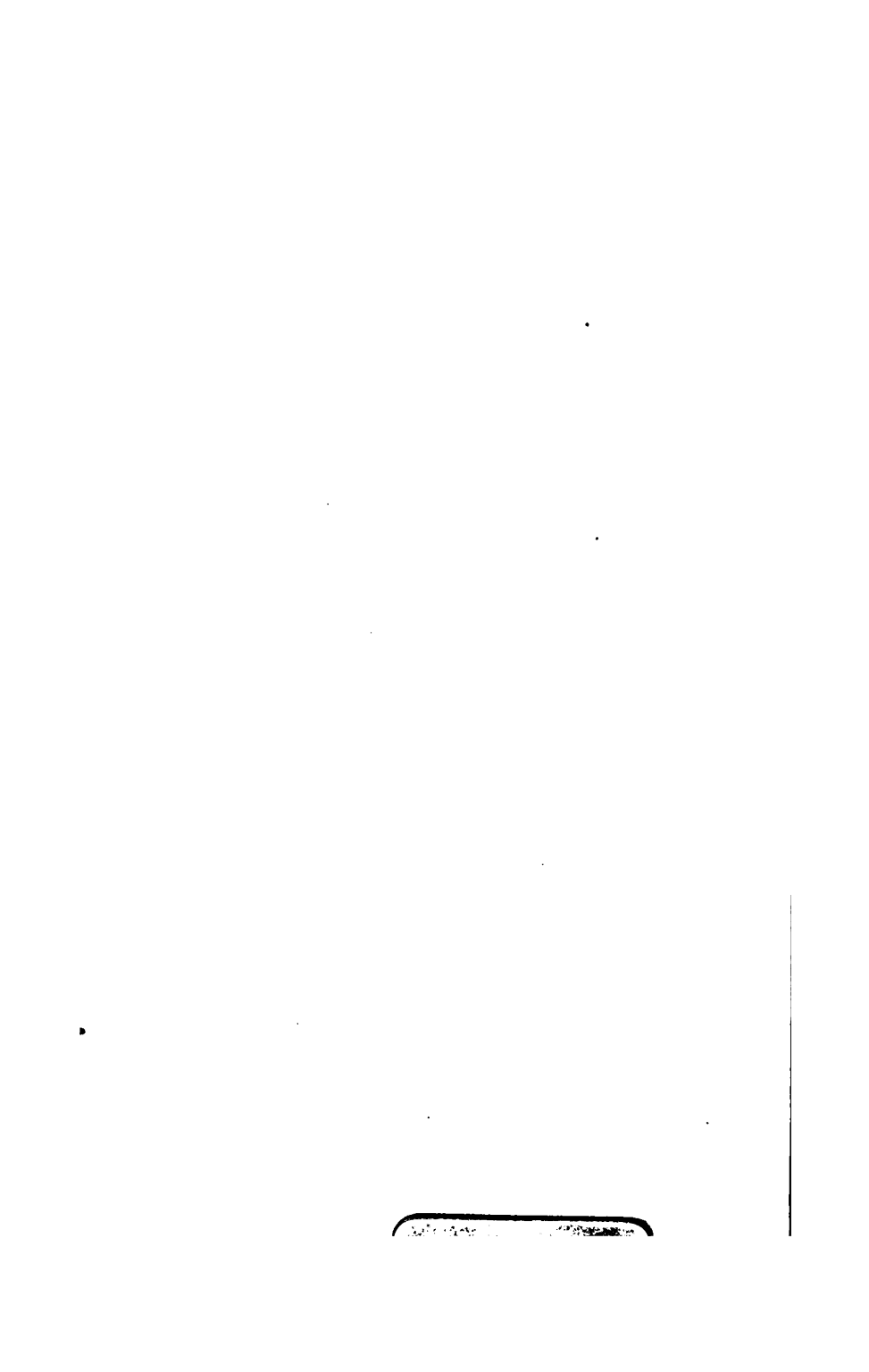
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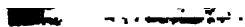
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THE
SENTIMENTAL GLEANER,

FROM

ESK BANK ACADEMY

TO

THE ISLE OF MAN,

RETROGRADING TO

PENRITH, CUMBERLAND, *via* WHITEHAVEN.

39

BY GEORGE THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF THE SENTIMENTAL TOUR TO LONDON, &c.

“Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit UTILE DULCI,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.”—HORACE.



PENRITH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY J. BROWN.

1823.

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Penrith: Printed by J. Brown.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PATRONS OF THIS PUBLICATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

AFTER having acknowledged my obligations to his Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, my Lord Bishop, and such leading families, as my opportunity would allow me to address in the ISLE OF MAN, for their early patronage of this second effort in the sentimental style, I wish also to be sensible of the favour done me by many respectable names nearer home ; and I shall feel much gratified if I can invite juvenile curiosity to a fresh banquet by having seasonably blended the requisites of a rational entertainment.

A successful appeal now to my countrymen in behalf of this little work, studied-to-be made agreeably and lastingly useful, will be more flattering to me than if Government had noticed me for my well-meant primary political efforts, for which it was more than once observed I had earned a claim: but such were my motives that I felt not disappointed, a volunteer as I was in my own way; and holding the language of the "AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM," I was not then, nor am I now, any farther a party-man, than to deprecate riot from seizing the helm, or invading private property; whilst I cease not from inviting the rich to be ever alive to the wants, and best interests of their brethren—the poor, being confident that this will always prove the—SOUNDDEST POLICY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author begs leave to apologize for this delay in publishing the *Sentimental Gleanings* in the Isle of Man, &c. by saying—"He has been waiting until his son brought forward his "*System of Education*," for which he had been favoured with a respectable list of subscribers; but such has been his devotedness to his clerical duties, that he could not feel himself at liberty hitherto; he hopes, however, that he will be enabled, by and by, to publish the *System*, at 2s., instead of 3s., in order to give it a cheaper introduction to Grammar, as well as English schools, to both of which it is now meant to be adapted as an etymological vocabulary."

If the *Sentimental Gleanings* in the Isle of Man be well received, he may feel disposed, if health, &c. permit, to publish his *Sentimental Tour* to Edinburgh, including the ferment upon the ROYAL VISIT, price 2s. 6d. having here to thank Sir W. ARBUTHNOT, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir W. FETTES, &c. for the favour of their names.

Having been for some time afflicted with a rheumatic head-ache, G. T. indulges the hope that criticism will exercise candour for inaccuracies, chiming in with Horace,

———"non ego paucis
Offendar masculis, quas incuria fudit,
Aut humana parùm cavit natura ——."

* * * As the System of Education has, from the experiment, been highly approved of, it may be eligible for those who wish to encourage it, to lodge their names with their respective booksellers.

N. B. It will be so adapted for young ladies and gentlemen, as to improve at their leisure.

THE

Sentimental Cleaner.

THE SENTIMENTAL SCENE is opened at Esk-Bank Academy,
Longtown, near Carlisle; Cumberland.

IMPATIENT of useless restraint, and equally so of inaction,—I will be off.—Why should I loiter here, eating the bread of idleness, as my little services may now readily be dispensed with, seeing, as we do, the Academy arrested in its progress*—all on a sudden, may we devoutly hope for some ulterior—some more exalted good purposes, veiled to us, to be ushered in, perhaps, by a train of further seemingly cross providences? We will endeavour to wait the issue with a painfully-pleasing anticipation.

We go off with remarking—Enterprising men

* The typhus fever had broken up the academy, excepting a small number of pupils from abroad.

are frequently too sanguine, too much buoyed up with fresh appearances. You see them embarking in the pursuit of fresh objects—full of hopeful expectations—full of pleasing delusions, and, not unfrequently, too full of obstinacy and *self-confidence*; and it has not unrarely proved, in the end—in the winding up of the drama—no disappointment to have been disappointed. Expectations, anticipations, and disappointments, are constantly on the wing, often not far separated. Sweets and bitters form a part of their motley train. Prudence, we thee invoke—come; and thou, Patience, with all thy heavenly resignation about thee, do thou join thy aid, and we will be enabled to exclaim, experimentally—*Sweet is not sweet—bitter thou art not bitter.*

Turning our eyes upon a certain notable character, much previously exercised by a long train of disquietudes, still out of his proper—his solacing element, until we see him at length pressing forward as a volunteer in the great cause of TRUTH, with zeal and habits peculiarly adapted for the great work of the ministry—him we seem to hear all faithful ministers saluting with—“*We wish thee good luck in the name of the Lord:—Come over and help us.*” The ministry, being a work of the utmost importance, should not be the start of the

moment—should not be engaged in at the first impulse of ignorant presumption.

Furnished with a sum apparently adequate to my present views, for a three weeks' jaunt to lave in the briny element at Whitehaven, with Dame Parsimony whispering into my leaky ear—"Save the *pence*, the *pounds* will take care of themselves."

See me escorted, upon my departure, by an affectionate female relative, whose benevolent and diffusive heart will never, I trust, want the ability to gratify its largest wishes; and a literary youth; together with a small train of *busy-idlers*, now in slow, now in quick pace, disporting on right and left, behind and before—little thinking that they were then furnishing me with materials for a *Nascio Quid*. Imagine, for a moment, this waggish, jumping, skipping little train-band of foreigners, in concert, escorting me about *two* miles, threatening each other with my valuable *sarcina*, filled with heterogeneous literary scraps—no vulgar prize! fit only to be honoured by very gentlemen scholars. Such is too often the language of bookish *hauteur*.

Is it not a pity and a shame, that learning, which is expected to make us humbler and wiser than the

illiterate, should ever be found to extort the alas ! Grammar-school-learning, with all thy trappings about thee, without the due culture of the more valuable graces, thou art not the best furniture. "*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes, emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,*" is learning the more desirable, as promising the more lasting utility; while we readily admit that classical learning in its proper place, aided by the Sciences, stands pre-eminently useful and ornamental. The province of a teacher approximates to that of a minister of the gospel, both of which are at once honourable and arduous. — One should introduce the other; while both should conspire to rear a monument of more than moral and literary honour. "*Who is sufficient for these things? Our sufficiency is of God.*" Much rests with parents. Parents! live now, in the best meaning of the word, for your dear children; that your memory may be embalmed—may live long for good with them, after your departure.

.. If King George, or his ministers, had been permitted to peep into this my heterogeneous *Budget of Extraordinaries*, I imagine the latter would have thrown out—" *Ne sutor ultra crepidam?*" —Invade not our province;" while his Majesty would have sported with—" *Sutor feliciter ausus!*"*

* Lackington's Motto.—Lackington, the most enterprising

—Well aimed, whoever thou art ! Ministers, ye should be thankful for, nay court, inobtrusive information and suggestions, aiming at the good of the nation.”

Adieu !—I’m gone. Dear children, thoughtless withal, you do, indeed, fulfil the Scriptures—you “*take no thought for the morrow.*” Thoughtless creatures, ye little think what precious opportunities those are, which ye so ignorantly, and so wantonly, as it were, sport away—Alas ! alas ! think of the anxieties of your parents, and their expectations—think of your teacher’s important trust and responsibility ; and may you never experience how severely neglected opportunities will, by and by, rise up in condemnation against you ! Think of these things now, I pray you, my dear youths, and be roused out of this disgraceful lethargy, and alive to literary rivalry. The torch of rivalry once well lighted in your tender breasts, your teachers with raptures warmer, perhaps, than those of many a fond parent, see you hasten to redeem the time—see you determined to take the lead of each other in a generous literary career.

bookseller of the age, who, from a few scattered books, which he, at commencing, retailed in his cobbler’s shop, or at a stall, by diligence and address, swelled his stock to 150,000 volumes !!!

THE RETROSPECT.

Shall we not bring a good tale away with us? Virtue claims the meed of praise. Virtue is active—ever on the wing for good. Report speaks largely for her. A good report is a stimulus to virtue. Lady C. G——, doubly rich, by being doubly useful! This speaks much for thee. The poor and the once illiterate, do they lie down, and rise up, and forget to pray for their Benefactress? May thy every morning shine bright upon thee, and thy sun go down without a cloud. May thy store-house keep pace with thy generosity. Mayest thou live long to hear the worthiest sons of Britain eulogize thy patriotic statesman for his well-tempered zeal, in an hour when his oratorical talents may be so exercised as to serve his country best. Although fluency of speech is alluring, yet the honest, laconic “*Aye*,” or “*No*,” in the British Senate House, equivalent to the “*SIC CENSEO*” of the old Romans, is most highly to be commended.

May Lady C—— live long in her present enjoyments, still making them more exquisite, by continuing to make the miserable more happy!

Rev. F. G——, with much pleasure I saw thee well employed*. Thy little flock owe thee most of all. Thou art, indeed, their spiritual father, and thou hast many children. Live long to witness for thyself that thou hast not buffeted nor addressed the wind. Clerical zeal can hardly be too warm in a cause that requires all the energies of body and soul. To cherish the *lambs* is the right way to rear a good standing flock. To one—to Reverends all with due deference be this addressed. Come on—imitate—rival each his clerical brother, and invite a generous contention, by enlisting in a band as volunteers, who bid fairest to prove the bravest, and the most faithful soldiers.

Two nights I repose at Carlisle—Carlisle now an elegant, and lately much improved city—a city formerly grievously harassed by a warlike people, still a brave and intelligent race of men, now our friends by the Union Act. Happy, thrice happy, auspicious Union! What torrents of blood and waste of treasure hast thou not spared! Peace—peace to the ashes of those, by whose influence

* Does this Reverend gentleman intrude into a work of *Supererogation*, when, after having catechised his young charge, he addresses them in the language of an affectionate pastor?

and good counsel the interests of England and Caledonia were happily cemented, with such a cement, as time will but serve to improve.

At Carlisle, you behold the majestic castle, with its still imposing, assault-repelling attitude, built in the days of terror and dismay, on the sloping side of which is laid out a beautiful lengthened foot walk, made in the days of distress by benevolence, to give bread to the poor. Here the voice of gratitude should be attuned to eulogize, if eulogy be seemly from the grateful to a benefactor. See the ladies tripping along, when, anon, the *gentil-hommes* on the wing, peeping about, espy the fair, and, taking the hint from Adam, who delighted in, and followed after, his Eve, are now seen a party in unison walking hand in hand, introducing anecdote from the *brilliant*, and rational discourse from the *literary* and *intelligent*; while the chit-chat of the moment, and the news of the day are bandied about and kept up, like a ball in the air, until the game is ended. They beck—good by't—and are gone; while their joint acts of beneficence will never die. If it be by this way characters are raised in the scale of true estimation; if good deeds, purely such, have to be fostered with the ravishing anticipations of immortality, who then

would not court the opportunity?—who would not be beneficent without the widow's importunity to extort the kindness from him?

Eye the usefully elegant bridge, a Bridge of bridges, across the river Eden, a work of *Money* and of *Time*, not now to be referred to but for future caution; its utility, tending to banish painful, useless reflections, while it unceasingly proclaims,—“*safely without fare you pass me over, and safely you return.*” Behold too, its neighbour made spruce and fine—its *cousin-german*,—the bridge over Caldew.

Here again we could say much by contrasting the present improved state of the city, and its environs, with what it was when I felt the smiles of a kind teacher in the person of the some-time-ago deceased DOCTOR GRISDALE. Peace to thy shade! Prosperity of the choicest kind to thy posterity! Under thy tuition I competed* with the now departed learned Professor CARLYLE, and the benign mechanic man, the philosophically learned Professor FARSH.

I revert to, and celebrate the symmetry, the “*simplex-manditis*”—the unaffectedly-neat Bridge

* In scholastic declamation.

of Caldwē, which epithet, it was allowed, I not unaptly applied to Queen's College, Oxford. To pronounce that thou mayest dare the eye of close inspection, is to mark thy architect for future occasions. A public undertaker, who does his work well, deserves well of the public, who should notice him for good. *A work well done, is twice done.* How much we suffer, and are offended in the end, by setting *bunglers* to work, with a view to cheapness, is well known by painful experience. He who undertakes a job the cheapest, has forewarned you what you have to expect. The dearest plan is often the cheapest. Cheaply done and well done must not be expected.—The labourer is worthy of reasonable hire. Penny wise with pound foolish is not attached to prudence of the highest order. The farther about is not unfrequently the more compendious road. The *dearest* articles the *cheapest*—is a paradox on how solid a pedestal, *queritote*. Anticipate the value of your Canal, and see Carlisle awaking to new life by calling forth her energies, and rising in estimation by trade, and general usefulness. Let not the *Hic labor! Hoc opus!* too much alarm. Think of the Roman Aqueducts, the Chinese Wall, the Duke of Bridgewater's Works, &c., and imitate; and see canals by united efforts, rising on the right and left through the extended plains of the British isle!

See St. Mary's, grandly clad in Gothic and Saxon architectural guise, and ornamental vestiture. In this stately structure, thus magnificently reared by the piety of our ancestors, you are blessed, in general, with able divines. Harken then to the voice of Truth through them, and rejoice in the precious privileges within your reach, and be thankful for such a dome, nor cease to admire the daring hand of antiquity! We must not pass by thee, St. Cuthbert's, a modern plain built church, comely in plain attire. How fair, and how comely thou art in full dress, on every Sabbath day, those who hear and see best can tell. Value your religious opportunities. Think of the paternal anxiety of a minister of the everlasting gospel. Shall we imagine that we behold a faithful minister in his closet, when many of his charge are thoughtless, or perhaps fast asleep. Shall we think that we hear him entreating the God of all mercies, and lasting consolation, to instruct them, and to send his holy angels to watch over them for good, during the silent hours of night, against the frequent incursions of those wicked spirits that walk in darkness? Hear him, your trusty guardian, intreating for you, and will you not care and pray each for himself? An able and faithful minister of the gospel is not only a great blessing to his own

people, but stands erect, as a strong and ornamental pillar of national honour.

The New Court-houses are above my architectural ability to appreciate justly. If the architect practised at the expence of the public, and got wrong, where all was expected to have gone right, it was no wonder to hear the voice of the public differently toned. Having been taught by the "*tot homines, tot sententiæ*"—so many men, so many minds—we must not presume to direct others. Although they may appear to some to be clumsy, and too bulky—to out top, and shade the city too much; yet if the architect can prove them to stand in the lines of symmetry, he has not diminished his credit among the judicious. If these limits be invaded, the city, as owing something to its fine improvable situation—must venture—must aim—must unroof, and build a story higher. Architects have oftener than twice been blamed for the *proteus-like* fancies of their employers, whom we seem to hear, after the building has advanced so far,—“Oh! this will not do—I did not think it would have looked so foolish—so awkward.” It is either too much—*this*, or too little—*that*. Now, he improvident, cries out not to be pitied, “I plainly foresee that this building will cost much more

than I expected!" It remains, after each of the curious and ingenious has enjoyed his day of architectural criticism, to qualify with observing,—“these stately Court-houses may, perhaps, want nothing so much now as for candour, not to abate his candour, and for censure, to be less censorious.” I cannot however resist remarking, that it would be well if some architects made more correct estimates of what is submitted to their superior judgment; as many, by erroneous statements, have been so long engaged in mortar, &c. until they have actually built themselves to the *déar*! Here you have stamperies, and various manufactories. It is here the adventurers employ their hundreds. May the men of enterprise and their workmen aim at a generous rivalry:—the one in being liberal and human; the other in being not forgetful to give solid proofs of their fidelity and gratitude. This is a grand cement—mutual interests being the most lastingly binding.

We have sufficient authority to announce, that here dwell many liberal souls from acts of beneficence, far from solitary. It is by this happy union that ye copy the metropolis, and become great yourselves by aiming at rivaling the best lessons of the seat of empire. Thus do you honour your king, while you continue useful ornaments to those

around you. May commerce, industry, and liberality, walk hand in hand; and may the rich continue to furnish a subject of gratitude to the poor—that the rich and the poor may rejoice together!

At Carlisle, image—for a moment, your Sentimental Observer eying a tip-toed hurly-burly market day, fraught with little enterprise of varied complexion, too tedious here to pourtray. Men's wants and interests put them into motion, which itself is gratifying to activity; and some are with difficulty stopped when profits begin to operate briskly after having been set afloat; and some move too fast. "*No more haste than good speed.*" Whither so fast, my good folks? a lesson for Impetuosity, with his hasty steps. Procrastination, thou must be well lectured, with thy gaping supineness hanging about thee, and must be content to feel more than a gentle tap on the shoulder. Thou art a thief, Procrastination! thou art pronounced the great thief of what thou canst never return! Here is *half-a-crown* for thee, whose name I decline mentioning, in a rather stingy mood, one of the five which I had got into by *Ill-temper*, an uncourtly intruder not to be countenanced, who is ready to bruit out—Many of you are far readier to receive favours, than to remember them with

gratitude; and this may be one prevailing reason why gentlemen with superabundant fortunes do not apparently keep pace with their ability. But with ~~rapports~~ do I hail thee, glorious OLD ENGLAND!—~~much~~ favoured nation—thy sons and thy daughters are kind in despite of ingratitude itself; neither are they ~~refused~~ to home—they have heard—they have listened to the cry of “*Come over and help us.*” If we must fight, we will fight for a nation, a friend of humanity—of complicated distress, where party distinctions, and all puny squabbles are lost—are for ever swallowed up in the great vortex of a sympathising *humanity*. I seem to hear the voice of a surrounding world unite in exclaiming—This is a nation! These are a people! “*Nihil sine causa:*”—*Nothing without a cause.* “*Nemo bonus gratis:*”—*No one is good, but with an eye to reward in some shape or other, some where.* Dost Job serve God for naught? By this ~~translation~~ way, in general, will I endeavour, while I am indulging a characteristic *penchant*, so natural to pedagogues*, to take my fair Maids; and other ladies, gently by the hand; and thus will I pay my court to them, and others, for putting the sentimental pen once more into my scribbling fingers

* It is quite in character for a classical teacher to sport in scraps of Latin, Greek, &c.

—not to scribble at *random*—not to gratify every babbling, upstart, intrusive thought of the moment —not idly to sport with, or wound their tender feelings, by stealing into the *penetralia*; but, being well aware how much we ourselves have need of indulgence near home, we wish rather to keep our eyes upon the *UTILE DULCI* :—*the useful and sweet*.

“Delectando, simulque monendo.” HORACE.

By delighting and at the same time admonishing, although we venture occasionally to be a little innocently sportive, in order to diversify the subject, and enliven the sentimental *tædium*.

Off I go from Carlisle, early on a morning, about 22d of May.

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

An old adage, among others never to be forgotten, nor sneered off the stage of common life. The morning is fine! The air, oh! how sweet and inviting! Were not we wanting to ourselves—were we but worthy of this fine morning, and this sweet health-reviving air! Shame on our sloth, that will not let us enjoy what is so pleasant, and so rational.—Health on such easy terms! Instruction and health for nought! Shame on our want of taste and curiosity!

The morning air, says medical acumen, is bracing for lax nerves—nerves the nice canals of the grand elaborate juices. Oh! how much we you neglect and abuse in your matchless operations. Minutely analyzing your inimitable structure, with their adjacent kindred members, the Atheist, Galen, the famed anatomist, owned “*No less than Omnipotence himself could frame such a matchless masterpiece.*” I cannot but give my vote with those who contend that youth should be instructed a little in anatomy, botany, &c. at school, with less of Latin and Greek, which experience has after *a-long-at-length* step in to decide.

“*Ridetne natura?*”—Does nature laugh, and will man be ungrateful, frown, and be gloomy? Alas! alas! is there not a reason?—We have sinned. Sin, alas! drove Adam and his partner, out-witted, deluded companion—so fair—so dear—so lovely—out of Paradise; and still continues to unparadise the finest, the most beautiful mansions and domains; and to make the wretched hovels of the poor doubly wretched!

I am agile by being *redivivus*—once more alive, after a dreadful complication of maladies. It is there gratitude to a kind, a sparing rod of chastisement should not be limited. But man, alas! thy

epithet is *the forgetful*. "*Thou art the man.*" "*Reprehensio ad meipsum:*"—a lecture for myself, which does, I fear, take in an extensive range.

Passing along, *Parsimony*, a near relation to *Economy*, hooted by some, and too much neglected by others, presently enters the lists with—"Thou hast soon, thoughtless, perhaps, too soon made free with what thou thyself mayest ere long have a loud call for, little as it may appear to thy pensioner. We, far older and far more sagacious than thou art, with all thy *Latin* and thy *Greek*, on which thou once didst doat, will put thee into a comfortable way of redeeming this begrudged half crown, lately thy own. We see thee piquing thyself on thy renewed agility—on thy ability as a *pedestrian*, now quite a fashionable character.—Fry thy mettle—walk on foot. Continue, we pray thee, to keep pace with fashion in thy own favourite sphere. Walk on foot, we advise; and, by gently conducting that precious fardel of thine *thyself*, thou wilt reinstate thy pocket with this said half-crown." Thus lectured, I heard—I obeyed. Now see me springing along the streets with my best foot foremost; and, in troth, I had enough to do to save appearances—to preserve my pedestrian credit, and by dint of mettle, purely *pedestrian*, I gained my point! "*Saving is good earning.*" We

behold youth lolling at ease in a *vehicle*, while age is gratified with his object on *foot*.

I am now at the pleasant village called Thursby, about six miles from Carlisle. There a *young vicar* acts in proxy by an *old curate*. Why, what harm has the old curate done? Methinks the curate should have stepped into his predecessor's shoes. Oh! if they were to large for the old curate, that alters the case. The "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," seems to apply here. We must allow that it appears fair enough, that those who have expended their fortunes on a liberal education, should have the first claim of church preferment. Although church arrangements seem much at variance with consistency, yet if, in the end, the cause of religion gain ground *more*, where wordly distractions and temptations are *less*, it will be well indeed! Let the poor curates, dear souls, but remember *Annibal*, at *CAPUA*, and be comforted with zealously guarding themselves and their flocks from an enemy, more to be dreaded than the Roman people dreaded Annibal himself, with his invading army. Be not discouraged too much. It is true, instructing stubborn youth is a hard and a painful task for ministers of the gospel, whose sphere of action is of a more exalted nature, while they themselves should still be humble. But

those clergymen who are disengaged from teaching, and who, from their natural unassuming temperate, feel backward in visiting their *senior* parishioners in an apostolic way, would do well if they would have the goodness to frequent their *parish schools*, for the laudable purpose of giving short lectures to their *junior* parishioners concerning the things that belong to their best—their most lasting interests.

The coach is coming up.—Now, choose thee, whispered a sedate lady, called Prudence, whether thou wilt ease thy limbs, and take that dear budget of thine on thy fondling lap, or run thyself aground, as thou hast been sometimes wont to do, with some others who I find make thee not a solitary character. We often pay dear for want of discretion. Rebuked by this tart sarcasm, I mounted behind the driver, to screen me, perspiring as I was, from a keenish wind. Here sat a thin, wan, meagre picture of an *Italian*, with black hair—all of a piece. We begin to chat, as travellers frequently grow colloquial. Chat electrifies some constitutions wonderfully. We are fellows well met. As I was meditating with—"Are you *French* or *Italian*?" it came out, *nescio quomodo*, I know not how—"I am from *Exeter*." He had been a sea-faring man; and his *ipse dixit* informed me,

that he had possessed property worth \$0000: had embarked in hazardous, perhaps, foolish projects: had lost money by bondship; and was at this moment, perhaps, a *happy circumforaneus*, with all this apparent poverty about him. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*;"—*So passes away the glory of the world!* to be sweetened by "*Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus*;"—*He is not poor who can make all ends meet.* I buy a knife for my nephew; and if the vender and myself are pleased, and the youngster be gratified with this small present—three will be pleased; and who would not wish to please on such easy terms as these? But if my travelling companion vouched, unasked, that it was not *cast-metal*, and it proved otherwise, more the shame, as I bought it partly from motives of humanity. *TRUTH goes farthest, and is well received at the end of the journey.* I find this a fine, easy, lolling conveyance, well adapted for expedition. We had good horses, and a careful chatty driver, to whom, sporting his opinion on politics without reserve, I rebut. He faces about—would cut up *root and branch*; or language nearly of this import. I would dig about: I would apply *state correctives* and *alteratives*; arguing, a patient from the nature of the disease may not be in habit—not be able to undergo a *radical* operation. A moderate state of health is preferable to a confirmed malady—cool blood to a fever. Thus did

I, who had suspended politics nearly twenty years, begin to argue. Thus did I endeavour to maintain my ground. Thus did I aim at keeping my position. He, as a physician, although himself requiring medical aid, would now prescribe for me. How much, and how often we are at odds with ourselves! Here again I dissent, by contending that medical gentlemen are valuable members of society; and I cannot waver to *"nota bene"* here, that many of us are far fonder of sending for them when we are ill, than dealing honourably with them when we find ourselves well.

THE RECIPE FROM THE MAN OF THE WHIP.

One ounce, says my physician, a disciple of the great Esculapine, with a new symbol in his hand, one ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in one gallon of water; a gill glass full of which, taken in the morning, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for a short while, will do its work cheaply for drunken fellows, hot constitutions, and bad heads. "*Ne sator ultra crepidam*," do I seem to hear from a certain quarter? But, hold! have you not learnt that the presumings of quackery have improved the bills of you, the regular medicals; as peasant scribes make work by leaving

loop-holes for the *cognostenti* of the bar. Here "*Penny wise and pound foolish*" again step in *fort a-pro-pos*. And here is an old lesson for a child to be learned not too late after his alphabet!

"Sic adeo in teneris assuescere."—VIR.

We call at Wigton. Here resides a valuable man, in the character of an *evangelical* divine. Hear him, to edification, and anticipate joys in store! A faithful preacher, is a great public character.

THE SHORT—THE TENDER INTERVIEW AT WIGTON.

She's gone! never to return; this is indeed a heart-rending emphasis! I will go—I will feel—I will learn to weep with the poor dear mother; but weeping will not recall the amiable daughter. I go—I must hasten as the coach is on the alert,—I must step out of a senile character—I must mend my pace. Admitted aloof, incurved the matron, decent and pretty in age, half-moped she stood. I speak. She approaches. "*I feel for your loss—she, dear child, is gone!*" Tears begin to flow. She begins to weep. My time is short. I have little time to sympathize—to join sigh with sigh,

and tear with tear. Adieu! The coach is waiting. May he that has wounded thee—perhaps in very, very mercy, both to thyself and daughter—may he, in his own good time, apply the genuine Balm of Gilead to allay the sorrows of thy tender heart.

We should feel one for another. "*It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.*" Parental affections are strong. A bereavement of this nature is no common trial to a tender-hearted parent.

We reach Maryport. We pass Workington. Each has beauties, and each its merit shares, for this or that goodly improvement. Compare—think what they are now, to what they were once, and own that enterprise has not been dormant here. At six o'clock, the wanderer dismounts at Whitehaven. See him now embracing his friends with full return. Profusions and effusions of any sort find a bottom. Be sparing of extravagant addresses and caresses—*ad meipsum*—to myself—to all. Some good folk invite with lavish professions, and are soon exhausted: many do not so, and hold out longer to their credit.

After a few days spent in a way I did not

admire, resolutely myself, although I came hither, for I can hardly tell what besides bathing, yet, a *nescio-quid* musing thought dared to accost me with—"Thou hast a family; and, although thou couldst make a shift to make a fair balance at the end of the year without much toil, yet thou, with this good stock of renovated health about thee, shouldst scorn terms ignoble to a very truant. —I do scorn the ignoble terms, iterated Sympathy.

AN APOSTROPHE TO SYMPATHY.

I heard the sound of thy cheering voice rather emphatically; and was awakened from a momentary doze, asking—"whether, retiring? We will not bid thee *farewell*! Thou must not—shalt not depart. In league with thee, we eye an host—not of enemies. The whole world we grasp as *brethren*. We see thee marching forward expatiating. Thou delightest in a wide range, not content with home. This, our fine island—will it not satisfy thy ambition? We now see thee embarking, and growing impatiently anxious during thy voyage; made less tedious, with the big, the cheering prospect, "the pillar of fire" conducting thee, as thou passest through thy wilderness, which, by and by, will be beautified with roses "*fairer than the roses of Sharon, or the lilies of the valley.*"

Disembarked; and soon refreshed, we see thee presently enterprising—employing a new kind of weapon. Thou hadst heard the voice—“*Come over and help us.*”—There was magic in the sound. We now behold thee, in the wide field of action a very warrior-like *spiritual* volunteer. They, the dear, illiterately dark souls—notice how they listen with wild amazement! whilst thou art doubly alive—alive to thy own, and the best interests of a surrounding and an applauding world! Oh, Sympathy! Sympathy! the harmony of the spheres was attuned, and is still kept in tune by thee. Guided by thee, as by a polar star, what are the sons and fair daughters of generous old Britain, and a civilized world not daring to achieve—daring to outstrip the very heroes of WATERLOO, by the persevering more than a few days—by their “*lento duello.*” It is this that tries who is the bravest and most faithful soldier. Losing thee, man loses more than half his happiness. Man was made for man:—the strong to help the weak—the learned to instruct the ignorant. Apathy, begone! and thou Recluse, if a recluse, all for thyself, we disown thee. The friends of humanity, the christian missionaries—these are they who claim the mausolea!—these are the warriors, among the bravest, to whom we should rear stately columns; but these most of all are the characters—these are men who

care not for them! Sensibility, Humanity, and Sympathy, we you invoke—with you we wish to live, and in league with you, who would not even dare to die?

I am now determined to make a fuller experiment of my favourite system of education, so well calculated to secure its object with little toil, hereby standing highly recommended. But not being put into a ready channel at Whitehaven, and domestic countenances, like the weather, wearing a lowering, threatening aspect; although a coward at the thoughts of a sea voyage, I preferred the hazard of an untried element, to the *unexpected* storm in the harbour, where I found such unstable mooring. But do not we ourselves too often help to disturb the water, until we have muddied the pool? Wishing to extract good out of seeming evil, I am inclined not to stand still. The season continuing so chilly, that I cannot bathe in the face of all this briny water.—What is to be done?

NOW FOR A VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF MAN!

The Isle of Man, which I had often wished to see, and to which I had more than once been invited as a place to make a little money do great

things, I seem to hear addressing with "*Come over, and we will do thee no harm.*" I nodded obedience. The fare of the packet and steam-boat bid me peep about for a cheaper conveyance. "*Of a little take a little at a time, and not too often,*"—to whom it may concern. The Triton, on board of which I espied the first mail coach that Mana has to *take* of, I dare not say to *boast* of, engaged my attention. The day for sailing comes. Espying a hobbs shipping for the island, he will kick—he will fling—he will undo us, thought Inexperience. But I am further alarmed when I see, unexpectedly, the sons of Aristophanes and *Æschylus**, bringing forward with eager expectations their scenery and varied wardrobe, under the goodly covers of which now see them all in a bustle, preparing to assuage the mighty monarch—now be content with them while sleeping to ape the honest—very honest cobbler. And, pray you, what *harm* has the honest cobbler done?—nay, we ask rather what *good* has he not unfrequently done to these *old* good folks, with his mask of *low life*, assumed where it should be, to teach *high life* that there is,—oh! how often, fine, innocent sport and glee *below stairs*, enough to force from them—"I wish I were a cobbler—I wish I were a cobbler!"—Having been alarmed

* Two celebrated Grecian poets—the former comic, the latter tragic.

as above, shall I embark my precious self, said Self-importance, a near relation of the Pharisees, on the Sabbath, too, with these vagrants—these—I will not—I dare not—and withdrew. But *Reprehensio*, with his *flagellum*—his cat o' nine tails—belaboured Mr. Somebody with “*Know thyself*—consider thy own unworthiness, and for ever be humbled in the dust and ashes.” Having read, a few years ago, that a company of this description perished by shipwreck, in these seas, my alarms got the ascendancy over my sober judgment. The players, dear souls, in quest of what we all want, arrived safe, because the Lord of the ocean was merciful, to teach us to be so; and shall we not praise him for his mercy and goodness?

The *Mary* and *Betty*, of Whitehaven, is now to have the honour of conveying your sentimental man; but the lading having not been completed, I am to wait *one* hour. Invited to tea by a kind acquaintance, I forgot that “time and tide will wait for no man.” Upon my approach to the quay, my ship having left the port, I am alarmed and disconcerted for a moment. My *sarcina*, with the fate of the British empire, being shipped, makes it a valuable cargo, while I, the *forgetful*, am left astern to look on at a distance.

SOLILOQUISING ADDRESS ON THE SEEM- INGLY LOST LITERARY BUDGET.

I see thee afloat on an element, unassayed by thy coward master, and hastening from him, to be emboldening by thy thus stealing off. The die is cast—must he not follow? What thou hast cost me in making thee up! while “many hands making light work” toils for others. How have we talked, walked, and pleased each other, like children tickled with a straw, while some quiet *vis à vis* souls have been dozing over their tobacco-pipes, or perhaps have passed the line of——. How I have felt, and how I have more than wished thee “good luck!” Do I seem to see thee with a wistful glance transmit thy regards of affection to thy doating parent, with—“And do we indeed part ourselves and interest *this*? Are we to be separated *so*?”—Thy doating parent feelingly replies by asking—“Will the sailors, whom I admire for their frankness and generosity on many occasions, will they spare thee, and not impair my good opinion of them? No man dare say for himself—much less for a stranger. With many notable, exalted exceptions, human nature is often below par—fluctuating like the funds at London. Will they spare—or will they dare to profane my

fine literary originals, by lighting their little, nasty, black, unhallowed tobacco-pipes, by tearing thee limb from limb. Oh! Yorick, Yorick! what is thy tale to mine! The tale of the old man and his ass; &c.—a very babble to my serious guide-post truths, which are erected as a monument to direct the way-faring man. But *Minerva* whispers, "Let that agility, with which in youth thou stoodest almost unrivalled, once more be brought into action. This is the time—this is the moment for honour! Think of the Olympic games! Behold the croud of spectators! Think of thy precious *Budget* afloat, separated from its fond parent, and it will provoke the speed of age itself! To part thee and thy dear bantlings in embryo, would invite a narrative more affecting than the tale of the "Old Man and the Ass*."

Thus ably harangued, with nerves all alive for action—with not one moment for *shilly-shally*, see me a ~~volunteer~~ in my own service, bounding along like a fee-buck, or a fallow-deer, but not quite so fleet, to the farthest quay. The ship is hailed, and presently I am on board, where one shilling is demanded for the extra services of the boat, for my having quitted my station. Thus we often lighten our pockets, and thus the world goes:—now it is thy turn—now comes mine. We live, not

* Vide Yorick.

unfrequently upon each others neglects, errors—nay, very misfortunes ! We now make sail, when; anon, the waves dashing over the deck—we shall be drowned, thought Timidity, from the Tyro, More dashes bring fresh alarms ; but the repeated assaults, with no harm, and a *sans froid* indifference sitting on the becalmed phizes of my mess-mates, bid the fresh-water-man assume the sailor. *Inexperience* is shy, and keeps aloof. Our first voyage is mostly fraught with—"I dare not—it is fearful—the idea is dreadful ! One foot planks are my feeble—my only security !" While *Familiarity* with his serene countenance, smoothes the surface of the waves, and asks, "Does not the same Divinity preside and rule over the seas as over the land ?" Preferring company to solitude on ship-board, with my fears about me, I resorted to a seat in the stern; while chat, and keeping my eyes from the motion of the waves, were I found the best means of repelling sea-sickness. Seated here by a rosy-like Manks female, a picture of health, being an early, and no bad specimen of the little Isle, to whom I, as a solitary emigrant naturally enough, as by magnetic influence, myself attached. Her pretty behaviour, and her lively chat, in concert with Mr. T. and my Captain's, helped to temper the voyage, and to calm suspense, who is a troublesome companion during a tedious sea-voyage.

I cannot but here remark, that the society of prudent, sensible, lively females is truly engaging. Each employ the means, and you stand fair to gain the end.—Effects follow their causes:

Females afford many fine patterns for men to copy. Their in general temperate habits—their patience in afflictions—their conjugal and maternal affections, speak much for them, with all their pleasing contradictions after the Gordian-knot is tied, their furbelows—their peccadilloes of varied size, and all their charming little oddities, which, like complaisant lackeys, are never far behind our fine ladies of the *etiquette*. I ~~was~~ ^{was} rallied more than once by this jolly Manks farmer, envying, perhaps, my *juants*, rather *lets-a-lie* position to this fair islander, who, with myself, then little dreamt that I would ever turn our short voyage, apparently so bare of incidents, and at such a distance from variety, into *fine Sovereigns**! Its varied scenery and novel traits, blended with little innocuous, moralizing tales, bid fair to amuse; and anecdotes, fresh from the mint, picked up on the highways, &c., but rarely from a brother's inclosure without a "so,"—"so,"—may in the end elicit a gentle smile from some of my readers, to the advantage of their humble literary purveyor. Al-

* A coin, value twenty shillings.

though this facetious farmer, with dame *Levity*, and the captain of the brig, edging him on, might make a little freer than *welcome*; yet I made light of it, compounding with the pulse of the moment. No room here for duelling.—A place this to cool the feverish blood of the most impatient duellist. *Duelling* and *Pugilism*, shall I dare to pronounce you, the too long-standing disgraces of the police of a rational government—the boasted government of dear old England, still gradating on the scales of improvement—still wanting some further touches before we dare challenge—before we can reach the “*Ne plus ultra*”—PERFECTION, exhibited in the unparalleled symmetry of *Venus de Medicis**. When, I pray you—when will you have drank your fill? Must we, with a biting sarcasm, in the language of the blood-thirsty queen†—must we exclaim “*Satia te sanguine, Cyra, quam semper siliisti?*” —*Glut thyself with blood, after which thou hast always thirsted?*”

A NICE QUÆRE.

In reconnoitering by retrospection my late position, where I was baited, and from which I had to parry a meddlesome T—— and Captain H——;

* *Thomyris*, a queen *Scythia*.

† A most exquisite marble figure of *Venus*.

I ask, will it pass fairly current in expediency, within the threshold of ethics, to seem to be pleased sometimes; when you are not altogether so? Or is not this rather like receiving contraband or stolen goods—admitting what ought not to be *connived at*—much less to be *countenanced*? You contend, as “*a soft misken turneth away wrath*,” so may a little becoming to all things to all men,” —“*salvo honesto*,”—keeps away strife. But hark! if a man shut his eyes, or suffer himself to be hood-winked by another, does he not hazard the running his head against a post? An experienced teacher, and a general fraught with tactics, will not slacken the reins of discipline: see the pulley let gone too soon—how rapidly it recoils!

Upon mentioning our system of education to Mr. T——, he is inquisitive—I am not silent, on a double account: I like to talk about it, and to recommend it to the public, as “*A concise, simple, tried, and approved plan, well adapted for Ladies’ Boarding Schools, or Gentlemen who are not inclined to go through the tedious routine of a Classical Education.*” Curiosity, well directed, should not be discountenanced—this leads to general information. Although Mr. T—— was neither an unlettered nor an ignorant man, having studied at St. Bees; yet there are many of the former to

whom the book-learned ought with deference to yield the palm of wisdom. One grain of discretion or common sense out-weighs many pounds of school-learning; but out of the combination arises the "*Nescio quid singulare*" of CICERO, applied by him on another occasion. Our late good king had, I often think, in his composition, a fair share of this valuable ingredient.

Well or ill, this T— and this H— ceased not to sport what came up foremost, which indeed helped to set sea-sickness a great deal at defiance. It was a sort of repellent—*enough*, and *cheap enough*. We do not talk thus in general, about the *latter*. What whinings and demurring, when some liberal souls have to honour one that is come a day too soon. *Procrastination* to such is music—how harmonious!—but not always. How now? The tables are turned! We must have it to-morrow; or—here will I hold. Let each fill up the— I cannot to the life, because I am caricaturing no *living* creature; and "*Nihil nisi bonum de mortuis*,"—"Nothing but good of the dead," belongs to charity, not to historians. Not long silent—they start afresh. They talk sportively with little sallies of wit. Are lively and merry—perhaps too little thoughtful in this feeble brig, with "*unlike mare*"—*see on all sides*, and with

"*here to-day, and gone to-morrow!*" Good health and good spirits, with good eating and drinking, put a man into his holiday shoes. There are colliers and potters, who with others of us forget to put them off, until they are worn to the quick, and then we begin to cry out—*peccavimus*—"Cape qui vult" names no one. A troublesome messmate now clamouring the clamour audible, I to gratify this gentleman hasten to the cabin, which I with my Manks fair one had not dared as yet to visit, having learnt that that station provoked sea sickness. The sailors can tell you how to parry off this sea sickness the best. You may smile if you please, when you see me retiring from the cabin, and resuming a quart bottle which I had lovingly grasped constantly by the neck, with a gill of whiskey lurking in the bottom of it; by a gently sipping of which, you should be told, the sea sickness was kept abaft—was overawed. Different temperatures require different applications. Some recommend *ale*—some *grog*. Every thing in its proper place, is a good place. Only a *gill* of whiskey! Why—what Mr. Sobersides! any honest sailor would have put it all into a tooth at once. But *hark!* is not "*enough as good as a feast?*" Why should we carry *coals* to Newcastle? *Liquor* to the Isle of Man? But the "*enough*" varies wonderfully!

Returned to the deck, I am emboldened! See, yonder the sun, which we are poetically told, travels hyperbolically swift, purples the morn, gilds the objects all around, sets minute fiery particles a dancing in the great aerial void—see him issuing in full splendour from the “chambers of the East,” to cheer us, and shall we prove ungrateful? Have we nothing to say?—No effusions?—No exclamations? Oh, sun! grand luminary! no wonder that antiquity thee adored, thou great reservoir of heat, and dispenser of vegetative life!—Thy effulgence—how delectable, and how nutritious! Thou still revivest torpid bodies and drooping nature! Thee, the Spring—thee, Summer—thee, Autumn—thee, Winter, bound up with frost, and vested with snow: these all proclaim thee indulgent for thy radiance—good in its distribution, by creative power Omnipotent. Hail! sovereign goodness! Thou who didst form the world, and all that is therein—hail more than once again! nor should we cease to hail thee the *great essence eternal*!

Whitehaven now to us is lost—its charms are fled, like a tale that is told, heard, smiled at a moment, until displaced by a something fresh. MONA faintly, like a thing of nought, appears—found by the eye a tube roving, and now active. So the work goes on—while the world goes round

and round. A near and dear relation of mine, full of innocent facetiousness, even in his sober moments; in his days of vanity, used to say—when one door is shut, another is opened.—Day succeeds night, and *vice versa*—night day, Hail! Mona, happy, if thou art a happily sequestered, sea-environed Isle, once the seat of the Druids, learned men, so often fought for, and so often lost and won, shew thee valuable. You will do well to value your many privileges, nor envy those around you. If a subject go to law for less than one rood of land, well may a *potentate* or *chief*, tain for a *Mona*. The wind is hushed. We sail tardily along, while I survey and admire its barrier, formed of a chain of stupendous rocks, a safe retreat for the feathered tribe, who, flitting on the wing, disport—now in the sea—now on the land, paying frequent, alternate pop-visits; but, being from the *hand-to-mouth*, politely convey one another in turn, more than half way home, speaking each in his mother tongue. Here no schoolmasters are wanted to more than tease—no tasks here. Happy in your roving, with your *hand-to-mouth* petty enjoyments, not embittered by your carings for the morrow. Here you, as to yourselves, do indeed enjoy the *golden age*. And here is a lesson from you to mortify us with all our learning, and the boasted refinements

even of the eighteenth century—so good—so liberal, yet alas! so beclouded and so imbittered! As the wind subsides—look ye—see how my fine captain begins to droop!—See how the *talkative* is now chop fallen! Is it not evidence hence, that this said captain, who lately played off so jocosely liberal with his *fresh-waterman*, that he would rather be tossed on the very billows for exercise, than be thus becalmed almost in sight of the port;—would rather quarrel—nay, fight against wind and tide, than be at leisure to pick his nails, scratch his head, and be thus ignobly quiet. But does not interest make us all impatient? Wants at home alarm tender husbands. Their wives sit near their hearts. Eying our families, we forget not our own duty and interest. A good man is merciful to his beast—much more to his wife and children. And while the enterprising husband is risking his ease—his very life for them *abroad*—shall they—can they be giddy at *home*? Think of your poor father's hazards and toils for years, and stand rebuked. We keep sailing *gradatim*, while "*many a little*" brings us soberly nearer and nearer the much wished for haven. Approaching, we are hailed! Now in the covert of the little quay, in the little Isle, the keen eye of inspective curiosity must go round. They look, and we are not idle. The poor dear mother of

my late favourite Manks lady approaches, peeping this way and that way to spy—to receive and embrace one whom she had so often dantled on the knee of affection; but the seeming indifference of the daughter, supinely standing aloof, screened, perhaps inadvertently, behind the mast, drew my particular notice, and grieved me. Daughter of *Apathy*, why thus becalmed thy filial affections? Is she thy mother, and dost thou not—canst thou not see her? Has one of my messmates left no room for even sham courtesy—no affection for this expecting mother of thine? Hast thou been roving over the sea after this poor sailor youth, and skulkest thou behind this mast, now afraid to encounter the frowns and reproaches of thy mother? or judge I from wrong surmises? It appears that thou art prepared to fulfil the scripture—to leave mother at least, and cleave to untried connexions. Some fly to embrace each other at meeting, tell in half an hour what might be news for a week, and before a week is ended, retire to replenish—to import a fresh cargo, being fortunate in always having a quick sale—although sometimes nearly at prime cost.—No matter—we must not dally, as we frequent a cheap market. Others of cooler, calmer, every-day, vulgar, equivoque habits, manage it otherwise. “Judge not rashly.” “*Nulla fronti fides*,” is contradicted by “*Nulla fronti fides*.”

But Lavater* himself may err from wrong premises. But, as I espied my *heroine* more than once jaunting with my courteous young sailor, my conjectures might not have been injudiciously framed. Poor matches have often shamed their opposites. Sailors are not unfrequently amiable, almost always generous, but often too thoughtless. Sailors' wives have need of much resignation during their repeated separations.

The strong winds surging the waves, hurry the dear poor woman to the watch tower of high alarm with anxious breasts; and the alas! each for her own dear good man is not readily put to rest.

We presently resort to a tavern, where a reputed, well-educated Scotchman, good looking, plump and ruddy, speaking good pasturage in the Isle, having learned that I was a *Classic*, opened a prompt firing upon my battery, before I had got time to level my guns; but finding that I was not wholly a tyro in tactics, after a few ineffectual discharges, he ceased his firing. Dismissing a learned gentleman called *Metaphor*, you must know we parlied in *dog-Latin* awhile, and no skulls were broken—little harm was done; and if we violated

* A renowned character, who wrote largely and accurately on physiognomy.

thee, the genius of LATIUM, we are not alone, I having been told that, at a certain great theatre of literature, it is ventured to issue bad foreign coin in preference to the English *regium numisma*.

ANOTHER ASSAULT ON THE CUMBRIAN.

Now T—— having gotten his fellow-voyager netted in Mona*, as it were in a trap, in the spirit of the moment, *sans cérémonie* began to threaten with such sort of shot as almost always wounds, often kills, but frequently pioneers for further mischief. With such weapons was he ready to assault me—weapons that have proved fatal to the bravest fellows. What must be done? A warm reception this. Is it thus I must fight my way—thus pay my *footing* on my having the honour of first time landing on this Isle of Man? Two against one hardly fair, without a breath between. The one seems sated for the present; but here I actually fear where the bravest of the brave have alas! ignobly fallen.—Instances on all hands! “A warm reception welcomes your poor vagrant Cumbrian:”—this muttered *Cowardice*; but Recollection, who had been on the doze, after having cleared his eyes, whis-

* Perhaps so called from the Greek feminine adjective, as being a solitary, detached island.

pered—"REMEMBER the *maxime vera** at Westminster school, which thou well knowest bore thee off with flying colours in the face of classic honour." The colloquial challenge in Latin, I neither provoked nor did I wholly decline; but from *drinking* I made a *retro-parthian-like* retreat, at this time; whether with the "*fortiter in re—suaviter in modo*," i. e. "*Obstinate with a good grace*," I was little careful. No time for false politeness. *Coin for coin*†—said *but once* the son of David, and he was wise; but not enough so in all his affairs with all his wisdom about him, extorts the alas!—alas!—I retreated; and a good retreat is preferable to a bloody victory, unless decisive. If from our intercourse with the world we cannot keep aloof from temptations of this kind, it would be well if, rising on the tiptoe of an assumed self-estimation, we could so frame our own importance, for the moment, as to set aside, or outweigh, the influence of those *boni viri*, who are infected with the *cacocœtes* of being this way too politely disposed. True, it is

* While reconnoitering within the purlieus of Westminster school, G. T. was assailed by a tyro *en litteraire*, with "*Interrogas Latine?*" who was promptly repelled, and silenced by "*maxime vera*."—*Vide G. T.'s Sentimental Tour to London*, p. 210.

† Retaliation:—"Answer a fool according to his folly."—Proverbs, 26, v.

easier talking than doing—easier to give advice than take it. Yet good advice may lead us to the watch tower of alarm, each for himself to guard what is most truly valuable.

Shewn to a respectable public house, where I am presently gladdened by the smiles of my hostess—neat and pretty, the very portrait of what all but *Insensates* admire, I felt myself at home in this little Mona—I am a Manksman—did not I seem to hear thee begin to exclaim; but to be a good Manksman, or a good man *any where*, is the main thing *every where*!

Paris, the Trojan—“*malá alite*”—*inauspiciously* ran off with—but not fairly, Helen, the ill-fated Grecian fair one. Hence the war, called Trojan, a long, an expensive, and a destructive war. A tale!—this was for the muse of HOMER to tell—to sing for youth to hear, and by which to profit. Mona with thy more than 40,000 old and young, has not felt a scourge so sharp as this, for none to court, but for all to shun. Heart and hand—day after day kept warm by love united—this is the strongest barrier; and a tie such as this,—is it not a guard the most secure?

The next day sees me with a pleasing anticipa-

tion waiting on the enterprising Agriculturalist, who receives me with attention as a countryman. Each with his staff advancing to the farm yard—questions asked and replied to. We find Mr F——'s servants repairing damages. Hard labour shatters carts, as well as wearies horses. "*The master's eye fattens his horse,*" is a proverb not to be forgotten by those who wish to thrive. But be tender over thy servants, and thou wilt thrive still the better—they will be the more faithful. If we do not cease to petition for poor dear slaves, *abroad*, we must not forget to be humane at *home*—a hint for all while it is *point-blanked* at none. We pace on, F—— points—I applaud, not without reason. Fine, shapely cattle, indeed! Great improvements. The ground is grateful—is honest—and will repay Man, copy here, nor let the very gods of the field rebuke thee! Much labour should be sweetened—much sweat should be wiped off with suitable profits.

Buyers, ye little think what toils the farmers endure day after day, and what hazards the agriculturalists have constantly to combat. But do not I seem to hear HUMANITY in the best apparel of a kind English—opulent gentleman, observing "Shall I stand aloof when the face of the times begins to more than wear a lowering aspect—when changes

unexpected come on so alarming! Can I, in justice between man and man, live at the expence of another? Can I have a heart to suffer my tenant to sink under his burden, or to labour for nought? Shall we, after we have in concert with our brave peasantry been enabled to repel a daring enemy—shall we cowardly shrink from meeting the consequences? We must not tarnish our laurels thus. What will our enemies say? Do I seem to hear them exclaiming—“Is yon the land of humane hearts—of generous impulses?—Yon the nation of boasted BIBLES, a people so eager, so liberal in aiming at achieving, we do not know what, *abroad!*” But, hark! do not I hear this very moment a voice—the very language of gratitude on the right, and on the left, issuing—“*My kind landlord!*”—Hark! a higher tone—and more, and more and more voices—“*Our kind landlords!* We have not been ready to fight; nor have we laboured in the soil in vain: while we have landlords such as these, our worst enemies may indeed attempt to conquer dear old England; but shall attempt to conquer—to still do their worst, but always to be *—baffled.*”

It belongs to the moment here to remark with—
 “See you not *Slander*, with his no good tale on his strong pinions plying it along; while his op-

posite, how with his slow pace he lags with few good folks to help him onward. Is it not ungenerous—a moral robbery to view characters in the shade, or portraits unfinished? Some men are naturally more tardy and cautious than others; but by contagion grow better and more liberal. But when the landlords, many of whom may with tender hearts from different causes feel themselves limited, are thus kind, will the tenants—can they think of being *less* laborious in the field, and *more* extravagant at *home* or *abroad*?

We jog on until hailed to dinner, where *plenty* and *welcome* meeting make it a good dinner; but *welcome* makes the guest sit easy, and improves the relish of the meanest.

May *welcome* hail its guests, and *plenty* fail not here—not elsewhere to strew the board; while *Temperance* sits with healthful cheek, retiring with “*Supply, O Lord, the wants of others, and give us grateful hearts**.” Some respite had, and after having inspected this thing, and that machinery and contrivance—artful and ingenious, we are again challenged to regale. Tea steps in.—Tea, thou pert beverage, gladsome cheer to our smirk-

* An after dinner grace at Rev. W. D. Thompson's academy.

ing dames, and to their *now* enlisted, good-natured husbands, some of whom stood long—long aloof, with trepidation at thy invading strides; but, like a city, long beleagured, and closely hemmed in on every side, see them at length, poor fainting souls—see them signing conditions of capitulation, passing under the yoke, and bowing obeisance to the gentle terms of their *Amazonian* dames. Such and so weak was a scripture man renowned for strength! Do I seem to hear them talking privately—each to himself—“This appears a new and expensive work! If our madams must keep the Chinese trade open, why should not we poor souls be left to the choice things of old England—*cheaper and better?*” By husbands and wives both pulling *one* and the *right* way, they generally thrive best. “*Live within compass.*” A good motto for *all*, to be defaced by *none*. But we live by *Commerce*, who insists while our merchant ships and our fleets are afloat on the waves, the one enriching us, and the other securing our property, Ye must drink tea!—Ye must not be over nice! Ye help to pay taxes. It is indeed laudable to be loyal to the cause of the public; and to be careful of self in due time and place, is no less so; but it is far easier plunging into the mire, than getting out of it—easier for my good ladies to sit smirking over the flavour of fine *Congou*, &c., than

——Well, while chat goes the circuit, the night bids—part. Thanks due to civility should not die. “Thank you, madam,” “Good night, kind sir,” glides nimbly and cheaply from the tongue of the polite. A return of good offices, at any date, best evinces our sincerity.

At *Castletown*, June 17, 1821, I attend at the elegant, neat chapel, and am gratified with a seat in the organ gallery. It was here I drank in what, in the days of Orpheus, the hyperbolic poets tell us had “*charms to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.*” Miss Warbler, hadst thou been perched here, thou wouldst not have hesitated to join thy powerful pipe in aid of the musical daughters of MONA. But Miss *Warbler*, thee—nay I *all* address—“The music of the heart well attuned, is the most enchanting melody.”

I see the chapel here is not sufficiently large for the *little many*. But hark ! I hear one of thy own sons—“We will enlarge the place—we will remove this complaint of yours—you shall not be shut out from a chapel where the word of truth has such joint—able advocates, with clerical abilities :—the second exceeds the first; the last the second. The Lieutenant-Governor, an estimable character, and Daughters ! See what a fine example they set to

all around them, from their marked attention to the service of the sabbath. High offices, well adorned, are well filled. They that add splendour to high offices by a faithful discharge of the duties attached to them, are worthy of our esteem and imitation. His *militaire* and a small guard of honour were not wanting. Come, England, imitate, and rival where rivalry will hardly awaken any dangerous resentments; and be very happy in striking who can take the lead in what none need be ashamed of. The text was—“*Blessed are the peace-makers.*” Whether this was a lecture pointed at the litigious spirit of the people of this Isle, I know not; but this I know, it belonged to us all; but if what belongs to *every body*, belongs to *no body*, as it is sophistically said, are we all clear? —We cannot shuffle off so!

“DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS,” NOR THE LITTLE ISLE.

That I am agreeably surprised makes the isle no better than it was before my arrival. If I add, it far outsteps my expectations—does this not expose my ignorance for want of curiosity to pay an earlier visit to a people almost within a *long* cannon shot off us? Modern geography and history were too much neglected formerly, particularly in

our grammar schools; so that many were better qualified to converse with the *dead*, than with the *living*.

The Manks, mostly of the plebeian order, are, I was told, perpetually citing each other to court, which is held within RUSHEN CASTLE, with no great resentments, if I read their traits aright. I would have it that this had at length assumed the guise of recreation for my good folks. See them mounted and jogging along in small parties to this court; whence, after having gently altercationed through their advocates, who appeared equal to their business, they lie away to regale over good bread and cheese, &c., with more than one glass of good ale—grow rather mellow—forget strife—remount and jog homewards with my old *nescio quid* hovering about them. Why do they so often jog away to court? “*Nil sine causâ*,” said the famous Doctor *Katterfelto*, in my hearing. One buys a cow. A day of payment is fixed. The person on whom the buyer had founded his expectations fails, and so they keep citing on. Thus, if one prop give way, down rushes the whole building; or, if one stone in an arch yield, the whole has much to fear. I was told that money was passed through *seven* hands at one fair, before a cow could be paid for. And I could hardly credit,

when it was told me, that a person in the Isle never missed being called; or attending the court from eighteen years of age, till he was sixty-five; but one Monday his pony volunteered his services as usual, but was disappointed !

THE OLD GOOSE WITH HER GOSLINGS IN 'TOW.

Early on the wing on my way for the first time to DOUGLAS—the sun is radiant. He warms and bids—be grateful, man. He who bids the sun to shine, expects adoration and gratitude from man. The Persians worshipped this great luminary, and do we forget to adore the maker of this sun, and of the earth, the sea, and of all things here below, and all intelligences ? Onwards moving in gentle pace—the best to secure a long journey, *Sentiment*, who had been taking a nap, peeping up and having cleared his eyes, espied a goose with her goslings in train: a noisy dialogue held. Noticing little at first what was said, then I eyed with their keen morning appetites, nipping unceasingly blades of fine young grass, seasoned with the morning dew. Oh ! with what indefatigability did they keep nipping, while cackling again, still colloquial—“Mother, is not this young grass delicious ?” “But take time—be sparing—another day may arrive—it is

prudent to take some thought for to-morrow." But these goslings, with the "*vivamus hodie*" in full view, as if it were the very watch-word of the moment, nip on greedily, and are deaf to the salutary lesson of the dear old mother, who too liked what they were so fond of, but with some reserve, thinking of another day. They nip—they cackle. One with flagging wings, feeble, lank, and lean, by stepping short, and falling back, called forth Reflection—Want of health in youth, or abuse of vigour, or want of health in any age, makes many step short, while want of money does the same. If health then is valuable at *all ages*—go to, should we not care for it, as well as for money, at *all times*? Arrived at the opposite side, see them again falling to greedily, devouring the delicious blades of grass. Peaceful, harmonious tribe, your cackling, we read, saved the Capitol* of Rome. Cackle on and lose no time, I was beginning to exclaim, when, anon, the old goose, obstreperous, stepdame-like, rudely with open mouth assaults one of her own tender train! If mothers, thought I, are thus capricious—thus cruel, well may children quarrel, pull hair, and call bad names. At first sight, upon a visit, all, in general, is fine. Oh! were I always of this lively family, I seem to hear Miss Rover feelingly exclaim, when—hark ye! a longer stay reverses the

* So called from Tulus's head having been interred there.

scene, changes Miss' tale into what steals out but reluctantly—" *I wish I were at home again!*" Such things have been. The *prima frons* of many visits is apt to wear paint: time wears it off in part, and so we keep our hands in play—we keep daubing on. *The sun shines and is flaming*—bids me retire to a public house—my hostess smiles—*welcome*. Good ale and ready money, quick returns with small profits, please the one and enrich the other. Many of us will not believe; nor dare the experiment—profit in selling cheap penny-worths!—but not too cheap, lest thou get into a trap with few to administer to thee the cordial *Euge!*

Mr. Digression steps aside for a few straggling thoughts, lest they should be lost in a bustle.

After some musings to go off with, and more than an *un peu* debating; and playing at tilts and tournaments, with a desperate sturdy fellow, called by divines, *Flesh* and *Blood*, who was much inclined at the moment to be nettled by the poignancy of an affront, which came plump in the face of his honour from an old brother soldier, whom he found intrenched not ninety-nine miles distant from the strongest fortress in the Isle. Perhaps it might be an oversight, suggested a nice old grave

gentleman, called Candour, to whom youngsters have little access. Pride bawls out—"Nay, I cannot digest it—I must not pocket the affront—I will retaliate—I will send him a challenge." See if thou darest, thou blackguard—thou—— said *corrected thought*, one of the most prudent, and most uncorrupted counsellors in the king's dominions. Wilt thou enlist thy reputation with the—I will not here call them—"ignavum pecus," or "idle rabble?" Consider—lament, and be now ashamed of the rude collisions, which heretofore unadorned the stages—the grand establishments erected for far—yes, far less of *boxing, pulling of hair, breaking of shins*, and imposing *ornamental cognomina*; and more of their DONORS first, great, good purposes:—for the "*ingenuas didicisse &c.*" Hast thou forgotten an expression* of thy favourite Horace, formerly employed with more "*haste than good speed*," or discretion—"Let no one holla till he is out of the wood,"—clear of the brakes,—*Taceo*. After having parried off this fine fashionable gentleman, stiled *Retaliation*, who has carried about with him a specious plea when he has gotten into ill-humour, I am rejoiced with this partial victory over self,

* "*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.*" The polite—avaunt ye! of a great orator and no mean politician, uttered without consulting his constituents—without the *bona ventis* of those bordering on the "*Odi profanum*," the "*S—h M—tle*!"

with here remarking—*Spiritus semper domare*, To conquer self *always*, would be generalship in a very *Generalissimo*. The affront pocketed, mostly languishes and dies without an entail—no swearing at the altar*. Retaliation spurred on by resentment, what mischief has thou not done?—What lamentations do I hear! How fast the briny tears hasten down the late blooming cheek of the now widowed fair! Oh, Retaliation!—Retaliation! how couldst thou ever think of doing all this mischief—of causing all this sorrow to the unoffending innocents! We dare to pronounce, that with Retaliation in thy train, thou unchristianisest thy better self—all thy fine feelings—in feelings ignoble—and how inhumane! We rarely suffer in the end for reserve—often for impertinence and pride. Deference is due to characters in public high offices: honour to whom honour does not attach a slavish obsequiousness.

We now, having avaulted the late rencounter, return to my little *debonair* hostess, with whom I joined in cursory dialogue *en passant*. If we ventured on disputed ground, which has obtained an award not unanimous†; and if she decided as

* As did ANNIBAL at the instance of his vengeful father.

† Referring to some, a while ago, no pleasant proceedings, not twenty miles from London,—enough to be hinted at,

was in character, she was a mother. I did not wish to hazard where many might strive in vain : I preferred the harbour to risking at sea. Twenty acres of indifferent soil, at twenty pounds a year, she thought too dear in these days of stagnated trade. The present distempered state of our fine organized Constitution, like a hale constitution out of tone, is a subject of deep regret to the feelings of philanthropy. Looking for better days, we must allow that there is none but one who can rightly adjust the unequal scales. Your nappy is excellent—your confab is pleasing. Keep so and expect a return of your old guests. From this elevated station I view the country around, and the expanded sea ; and, if you be not delighted with this amphitheatre prospect—this variegated view, with so much to please the eye, and with no less to dilate the heart of fine feelings attuned to melody, from Castletown to Douglas, you have to arraign the incorrectness of my picture *in parvo*. Sweet warblers ! Dear busy musicians ! How much you charm us, and how cheap your strains, cries Sensibility ; and yet we cannot keep you all in full pay, ye are so many*. My feelings on this gra-

* I was afterwards told, that five hundred black birds, with thrushes, I suppose, were killed in one year, in or near the plantation at Bishop's Court, so numerous were they grown as to devour large plats of new-sown corn.

tifying journey, the day conspiring, drew from me—

“These are thy glorious works, parent of good !” &c.

MILTON.

Charity, in the guise of a prodigiously overgrown girl, presented herself to me on my near approach to Douglas ; but I neglected to do what seldom fails to entail delight ; and for this very reason, instead of stealing by objects of charity, we should court them, to do good to our dear ourselves : we should, in fact, pray for a hearty appetite to do good by being liberal ; pray to partake at this rich banquet where we have nothing to suffer from a surfeit. Who would not be tempted to envy a rich *liberalis* such enjoyments as he can command in this way, said poor *Benevolus*. Rich LIBERALIS overhearing poor BENEVO-
LUS' soliloquy, exclaims—“Thou art rich—thy very breathings witness for thee, *without* thy mite.” This remark aimed at no one, as an idle compliment here, invites every one :—the *rich* with his *gold*, and the *poor* with his *heart* and *mite*. Hearing thee humming a tune, shall I not pronounce thee musical ? And thou wearst a constant smile on that ruddy countenance of thine :—it is the countenance of health : it is the smile of innocence, not to be sold, nor can it be bought !

Idiots are among the happiest mortals—are frequently *so lovesome*—*so obedient* to their parents ! Be taught by their example, ye stubborn ones, and you will share their consolations. As wave blends kindred wave ; so let affections blend kindred affections, and be happy. As oil, it is said, sedates the boisterous ocean ; so do soft appliances sooth a turbulent temper. Here I have my eye fixed on my dear matron at H——by, near the metropolis of Cumberland. Lovely woman ! how often have I thought, and do I still think of, and admire those gentle traits of thine, weapons so powerful in the time of unexpected alarm, do much achieve in common life. Copy here, and you will cheaply earn a rich reward. Young women and matrons, it is this way you best adorn your brows—by this way ye conquer !

LECTIO PRÆCIPUË AD UXORES,—

A lesson chiefly for married females.

Men by embarking in fluctuating elements, are often ruffled with disappointments. Be it therefore among your chief cares to smile upon, and receive with open arms the husband, who comes to repose his anxieties, his concerns, and his all in the faithful sympathising bosom of her whom he wishes to salute by every tender name. Disappoint

him not, and thou wilt not thyself be disappointed. How many women have had in the end to complain of husbands through their own contumacy; and if you will not employ prudence, your best auxiliary, and conquer by the dint of complaisance and obedience, your pledged Fidelity, not to be cheapened by familiarity—not to be set aside by time or place, you have no sure ground to build your solid comforts upon. Would mothers, who have been led by experience to feel how they have erred themselves, and have suffered for it, but be duly attentive to teaching their daughters *after* they are married, to look well to the securing of their husbands' affections by the same address—the same tender looks and officiousness on all proper occasions—by the same still master-piece manœuvre in a female—“*the stooping to conquer*,” as they at first gained their affections, it might be better for parents, for husband, for wife, and children too. Then a whole family have been losers for want of this domestic politeness—too polite for none to attain. Quagmire should be nimbly trod upon. It is far easier to give advice than to take it: but good advice, like other good things, is valuable. And husbands, eye the slender texture of the females, who have by their repeated, kind attentions, tenderness, and sympathies, imposed mutual obligations upon us; and shall we continue to be

wasteful *abroad*, while they are pining and struggling the virtuous struggle, surrounded with children at *home*? Love them afresh for these struggles, and present them with tokens of regard unasked, as baits to recruit their waning affections. Protect them, for this came they under your roofs. Anticipate their reasonable wants. Is not this the policy of the indulgent husbands? Importunities for favours cool affections, ungrace the grace, and diminish the value of the gift. Be every thing that is akin to kindness to the women that were pledged with the “for—*better for worse* ;” and by this way of managing and laying out thy playing cards cleverly, thou wilt stand more than a fair chance to gain the citadel; and then the city is thy own: you will secure what each should hold most dear. But Virgil, that poet whose works are called “*immortal*,” eying the weak badly-garrisoned side of the once illustrious Dido, dared to utter—“*Vari-um et mutabile semper*.” We conclude with what I learnt at an age that was forgetful of good lessons from the mouth of a dear kind-to-me step-mother :—

“Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her vices very blind ;
 Let her ways be unconfined ;
 And clapt the padlock on her mind.”—

i. e.—secure the citadel—the heart.

A PEEP AT, AND A TALE FOR, DOUGLAS.

I look about me at little TYRE, and espy a little world afloat. The sons of Commerce and Enterprise know not how to be inactive here: they pace to their fine quay; nor stand they still when there—they are alive—each for himself, at first. You hear them talking about trade. They venture not far on the slippery ground of politics, although they may not always think a like. A little of the *pro* and *con* lives wherever we go. This tries our mettle; and by this way truths are ferreted out of holes and lurking places. The Fair!—yonder they are coming charmingly along. Health and good spirits bid—bear up your heads, and rejoice at the sight of him who has tasted your bounty:—make work for daily rejoicing. They beck—they nod—they bow—they smile not unfrequently. The less laughing the better, enjoins female refinement—courtly *etiquette*. See the numerous visitants hurrying to and from the steam packets. “Hand me in this:—reach me out that:—be hasty:—come now, my dear, trip along your nicest trip.” Although not every thing, it is here I challenge the *totus orbis terrarum*, as our pedantic GLEANER calls it. But be not too much lifted up: it is good to keep near our old grand dame *terra*

firma. Here is solid work. Well, all—all is life and animation. Then nothing is *dead*, rejoins Doctor *Inference*, the great logician. Could not a child be such a logician as this doctor? But Doctor I. has been regularly bred. So—so:—it is true, learning with abilities, or with slender abilities, fits men for appointments beyond the reach of the unlettered, many of whom fill the useful stations of society much to their own credit, and the good of the public. It is this you will find that helps to bring man to a *par pari*. See now a little crowd landed, each to be *somebody* during his *ad libitum* rambling over this notable little Isle, so long kept enveloped in clouds. The mists are banished; and the Marks are at home to receive the courteous visitors courteously; and the rude—not with coin for coin, “*tooth for tooth*,”—nick him down with civility. . . . Scripture policy—a guide for the Marks—a guide for all. Employ this address—this policy, and defy the rudes! See this hubbub, not far departed, pacing along with hardly elbow-room, on one of the most elegant quays in his majesty’s dominions. . . . Lady and gentleman hand in hand—arm wedded to arm. I will—heart to heart. Is not this more than the thing?—It is the very thing!—this is in good earnest the very—very thing! This looks well. This is kind. This is ADAM and EVE in Paradise, on the quay at Doud-

LAS, in the Isle of *Blackbirds* and *Thrushes*. In an Isle with good things and wine, &c., but not to overcharge. They are adroit here, as well as in my dear delicious London—London, thou great mart of a surrounding world. Oh! how comely thou wast, and charming when I saw thee; and when I hear that age has not impaired, but improved thy beauty, is this not a mighty compliment? Imitate, ye, then the best lessons of the great metropolis.

THE RETROGRADE PEDETENTIM FROM
DOUGLAS, WITH MORE THAN A MOMENTARY-PLEASING RENCONTRE,
IN STYLE RATHER NOVEL.

After having diverted my fancy, with what we shall decline detailing here, as being *jejune* and unimportant; and after being furnished with a number of prospectuses for my three publications, with a tincture of the *un peu vain litteraire* lurking in a certain corner, I bid the modern *politely-good* compliment* to my female caterer Mrs. K——. Dull, rather too dull for achieving the hitherto unattempted great work, that Dr. S—— has marked out as worthy thy notice, witnessing thy impatience of ignoble ease. Some, it is true,

* Good by't, &c.

hew through rocks—some plough the main. The warrior bids—“keep your own shores, or feel the vengeance of the British thunder!” another will cut canals. See this other, a marvellous enterpriser, do almost too much at once, and too fast, say the poor dear old matrons, looking mournfully and wistfully at their late companions—their *spinning wheels*, as Yorick’s old man looked at his crust of brown bread. See the poor old woman taking up her rock; eying it, laying it down—taking it again, and now venturing to do a little, she turns the rim with—“Although, I do turn thee—although, I do still spin, oh! for how little, and this *little* not to be despised. I do not spin for sport or pastime; witness these around me. You have long seen this family:—this feeble old man, has long been feeble, still willing, but now not able to work, *always* good to me. For myself, for him, and more than us I feel. Oh! machinery, machinery!” My good old dame, why exclaim—“Machinery—Oh, *machinery!*” Pray thee, what harm has *machinery* done? Dost not thou thyself and others purchase at a much cheaper rate by the application of machinery; and known be it unto all, if we did not contrive to execute thus expeditiously, we would not be able to cope with foreign markets, to the beggary of our great enterprisers; and, of consequence, unsinew the

very heroes of the whole English nation, in which nation thou livest and enjoyest thy little securely under a government, upheld in part, by what has extorted thy too hasty exclamations. Well—now hear the fiddler. What has he to say? He bids dance—and behold the many dancing and cutting rapers; these are characters. We close the group with the *great literati*, and the *big illiterati*, the “*nos turba sumus*,” whipping and spurring—“*now thou—and now thou*,” for who can get into the newspapers, or a corner of the magazine—first; or any corner of any paper, only to be seen as soon as possible. How uncivil not to halt as soldiers and sailors do for their comrades and messmates. Well—again. One imitates *this*, and another *that* author. A few have their *Nesciunt quæ peculiaris originis* interwoven in their very texture constitutionally. Such, perhaps, is *this Gleaner*, or *Nosegay* of mine; and how far to be rightly styled—“*Utile Dulci*,” is humbly submitted to that gentleman called *Candour*, to decide when he is in his best—most candid humour.

Plagued by a troublesome visitor * taking possession just now of my *attic* story, where learning likes to dwell, the fever too—the *cacoethes* of scribbling abating—I demur; and wine, although

* Rheumatism.

cheap to many; not to all who love more than its flavour, says "in very love to thee, although thou wast glad to thy own great cost to have my firm, and all my fine high-flown imaginations—my coach and my chariots overturned in London*—consider how this money that thou so peremptorily biddest—"Come, hasten over the sea, is pausing in the pausings of T—the *careful* at home; and parleying and bidding—look *towards*, and think *of*, and be taught *by*, the degradation of the poor inmates of yonder RUSHEN CASTLE near thee—not to be sported with: how wide his jaws!—His temper how sullen, and how inexorable! His victims, how many!"

More than twice, alas! that this man, thy relation or friend, or any one's relative or friend, once a fair claimant of this fine, pure air, these sweet flowery fields, these woods and refreshing waters, with all his late flattering expectations more than in bud, should ever put himself beyond the reach of them!—should forfeit his going at large. Drink ale—nay, water, rather than sell thy *liberty*—sold often for what is—"here to-day, and gone before to-morrow!"

INDEPENDENCE, uprearing his manly forehead,

* Sub.rosa.

with a rather stern *Roman* aspect, bids too—
 “drink *ale* or *water*: wine, though cheap to
 some, is not cheap to every one”—and paused. I
 had begun to talk to myself, called in finer style
soliloquising—“Why should I write, and what can
 I say about this Isle of Man, at the instance of
 Dr. S——, even with the *perge* of the upper story,
 who deigned the deign courteous, by smiling on
 thy early bantling, the child of thy manhood,
 when thou wast mounted on thy high horse *Pit-
 gades*. Age indeed marries and hazards too
 much.

“*Rude donatus solve senescētem*,” &c.—HORACE.

More than two have, I find, been tilling the
 ground that may now be half worn out: what a
 bare subject—how little open to incidents—how
 destitute of what furnishes nice dishes for that va-
 riety, which is fraught with the charms of the
 “*Utile Dulci*!” I pull astern, rather faintly like
 the boatmen, I know where, whom before all be
 finished, I may deign to take in tow, in order to
 make a penny of them, as they honest fellows did
 of more than Dr. C—— and his female bosom com-
 panion. Aye—aye! “as stolen water is sweet;” nay
 —I will not blab out all here, nor elsewhere; but
 for three reasons. But with all this shyness about
 me, novelty, with somebody else, both of whom

have allured thousands from *home*, from ease and quiet, which, after having abused and called hard names, they have quitted for turmoil and hazard *abroad*; and returned with the alas! in their penetralia after all! Novelty, one of the busiest creatures in all the king's dominions, nay, thou mightst have added, of all the globe;—and my old crony, Mr. *Sentimental*, were equally ready to spur me on with—“There is ground for thee in Mona. Be thine the ground sentimental, *laim-fak* low from age to age, for thee. Here is work—here is *game*—fine diversion: the field for a rich harvest for thee. Take, seize it by virtue of thy own inherent prowess; and should a competitor start up, inch by inch dispute it *fatly* with him. Untouched, yet unheeded by *all*, laid open for thee. Cultivate well, is our advice.—Thine will, indeed, be the “*rarissima avis*,” in this domain of the SCORCH DUKE*. But pray you good folks, kindly-officious, how dare I beat about, perambulate the heaths, and meddle with this game, without the permission of His Grace. “Venture with a neat apology in readiness, if the duke seem to chide. His grace will not chide—How can he? His grace will smile upon—will patronise him who is about to enrich his own children, by invitingly bidding—voyage the fourteen hours’

* The Duke of ATHOL, governor of the Isle of MAN.

voyage to see what 'lounging at home ignobly at ease will not see for you."

Curiosity, I charge thee—suffer not the hitherto supine incurious to enjoy one night's sound sleep, until he has become thy votary—obeyed thy summons. What, is the strong majestic Rushen Castle, formidable not to all? Is the healthy well-built Castletown? Douglas, with his many not unstately houses; his well chisel-wrought stone, specious quay, with his baths commodious above *par*; his Athol-street, wide, well-built, elevated, and not ashamed to have BELL's establishment as a prominent *prima-facies* feature, to be noticed—nay, admired amongst its elegant neighbouring buildings: are not these more than enough to allure the very incurious to come, see, and admire this Isle of Man? Why should I name *Mona Castle**—a very palace; *Bishop's Court*, snugly retired amidst woods, almost to a more than enough, says medical acumen; where VIRGIL with his "*Tityre tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi*," &c. would have found full employment for his sylvan muse. See PEEL CASTLE too, majestically grand in aged ruins, telling how formidably elegant in pith of youth, with an assault-repelling attitude, he stood founded on rocks, defying the waves and storms

* The residence of the Duke of ATHOL.

in all their fury united, which, with the indeed amazing splendour of the *Light Houses*; if all these do not entice thee, thou art the really *incurious*, and must as yet keep a little longer wedded to that delicious hearth of thine; till very *supineness* himself, that placid gentleman sitting by thee, half offended, bid—"Begone to MONA, and bring a tale home to make this hearth of ours still—still the more delicious." "See—they on all hands fly in crouds as far as AMERICA, hazarding much for want of bread; and store is laid up in abundance for thee, so near thy home." "*Quid multis?*" Still with a *morceau* of the *pedagogic* in train—" "*Quid multis?*" Do they, dear emigrants—do they hazard as far as America, &c., and is indeed store in my way, laid up for unworthy me, so near home? I listen, I hear, and obey by girding up my *sentimental* loins rather *effete*; but gladdened by more than one cup of *Tyrian* ale, I, after having gotten gradually upon my *better* legs, like a spavined horse; or, dare I speak *truth* without a *libel*, like some lawyers; and such did I behold with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears in the House of Lords; yes, in the House of Lords, in LONDON, who did indeed make amends for, and bid a *begone* to their *hens* and *hairs*, and I do not know what remoras, after they had fairly got clear off the shoals, I resumed my scribbling

character with, I dare not say—" *Non tam multum, sed quam bene*:"—" *Not how much, as how well*," and grew meddlesome: I would hardly permit any thing *curious*, any *lusus naturæ*, or *honest* folks with reticulated straw panniers, and straw ropes, and straw halters, pass me, or I them without a witty—" *indeed now!*—dear me! how mean—nay, beggarly this appears to me! saying to *self* who had a few years ago ventured at London, from the *venter latrat*, to write * about the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the, our late, good much-revered King George, and his beloved Charlotte, &c. saying—"Come on, make a penny *two more* of these *en passant*. Thou hast not drank yon rosy-coloured good ale of *Tyre* I expect to be—idle; but pray thee, injure not so much as one hair of their heads cowardly or maliciously; although I believe thou wilt appear to be now and then a very Censor, a Dictator Romanus, a very Orbilius†." "I will not dare to wantonly hurt or malign, on set purpose, either man, woman, or child of the little sea-girt Isle, refined beyond my expectations. If I venture to gently touch a goose, cock, hen, duck, or my little rough-hided pig, near the Calf of MAN; nay, when I meddle in behalf of the milch cows, and bid—

* Having printed with great patronage 2000 copies of a *Sentimental Tour to London*, &c.

† Horace's flogging Pedagogue, Lib. II. Epis. 1. 71.

"speak by your envoy;" it will all, my kind indulgent readers—all resolve itself into the "*Utile Dulci*," with the "*Delectando, simulque monendo*;" while your *Sentimental* limnist wishes to keep *his* object in view, to paint to the life—to the heart—to soften it—to make it what every author or limnist likes so much to experience in the curious public, or in a narrower circle of patrons.

Wine for scribblers; ale for dozers, with their tobacco pipes, thought I; and had presumed this ale would make me dull; but this ale said—"As thou hast this day deigned to give me the preference, for reasons thy pocket, could it speak, would use no circumlocutions, would declare—"it is indeed a *long—long* cannon shot over this sea from Whitehaven to this Isle; this money, long expected, is a long—long, and another long time in arriving. Dr. S—— talks about the strength of the doors and bolts of RUSHEN CASTLE, while thou smilest indifference; but think, thou *forgetful—thoughtless*, many suns have not visited this Isle, since thou hastenedst from Castletown with one penny half-penny in this pocket to Douglas, to loose two letters, fraught with the *needful*, as thy fair claims led thee to anticipate. Rememberest thou not how the *first* seal opened to nothing but with chidings to return? Hast thou forgotten how

thou depositedst thy umbrella, leftedst the unopened letter behind, and hastenedst with thy *dilemma*? “If I, a stranger, go to my hostess to borrow the money, my lodgings are hazarded. If I apply to J——, how can I expect that he dare hazard embarking his interest in my leaky skiff? There is one family to whom I once was kind; but, poor things, particularly the lovely, lively Mrs. —— long tossed on the billows!” The dilemma ended in—I hasten to be disappointed; and had this day to confess that Mrs. —— and self, in *ironical Latin* style, were a—“*Euge! par divities.*” Without this taunting, mortifying figure of speech, we stood *Vae! par ere nudati!* Mr. J——, thy kind spouse did the *needful*; and the next letter was panting to be opened for thee to return Mrs. J——’s favour, with “thank you, madam; I told you, as if presaging, that I would not be long in repaying.” Gratitude, unasked but indebted, had heard—hastened, and did her best. This thou well knowest is only one out of the more “*hair-breadth escapes,*” while thy purveyors were parleying with thee, and bidding fair to starve thee, poor thee—home, without thy purposes effected, in the pleasing anticipations of doing what every parent should do. I now appeal to the patronage of the public to bear me out; to shew that I have not altogether

slept on my literary post of honour; to explain to my children that I did not loiter on the Isle of Man to spend, but to make what I well knew was so much wanted at home. How many go from home, and are forced to continue from home far longer than they could wish? some go from home—never to return!

THE TALE WITH ALL ITS RAMIFICATIONS AND DIGRESSIONS.

Not far from Douglas we meet—yes, we meet, and a meeting it was for me to improve into a tale. The fair one, town or country boots it little to thee, gentle reader of the masculine gender, unless she deign thee the smile courteous. How tall, how young, and how beautiful, we tell thee not lest we enhance our *heroine*, the comely she—too much, and I be blamed for taking a bribe—for holding out false colours. Hunt her out, ye *les hommes gentil* visitants, if my Mona have not already caught her—worth the catching. If my fair one be fledged, and flown, and caught during my migration:—be it—be it for good to the *knight-errant*, who has won my fair lady for “*better—for worse*” did the parson bid thee actually repeat after him. Fie! on that bad word. How can the

clergy invite, dear loving souls, to utter such a harsh word. The contract is equally binding to both parties, except the *fealty*—OBER. Look at, and weigh, and find the value of this word in its use in life domestic *after* marriage; and we see thee among the happiest of married women, for not betraying thy pledged troth—pledged so solemnly in the face of more than thy *husband*, in the presence of God. For "*better*," now we improve for the *better*. Keep then, ye fair ones going on, or *trotting* on, or *galloping* on from better to *best*, and defy the *worst* husbands in all his majesty's wide dominions, or in any king's dominions, whither my tales shall wing their flight. This is the way, I do assure you, the very *amulet* to invite happiness—to renew the *golden age*. Invite it, each for one, and have it. And if this fair daughter of little Mona do indeed furnish me with a little inoffensive meandering tale *now*, to amuse *always* those who were courteous to me, and more than please every gentle reader that I can honestly lay hold of, even beyond* the sphere of the English language; who can find in his heart to be out of humour with my having picked up what does not impoverish him, and makes me rich indeed

* G. T. having been told that his "*Sentimental Tour to London*," although it was never advertised, is translated into the French language at Montreal, in North America.

I dare not add, until my *ins* and *outs*; my *strolling* with the *bona venia* of a learned gentleman, called Mr. Digression; my *hics* and *ubiques*; my forcing the poor goose and goslings to colloquise like their *bettors*; the *complaining*s of the homely Manks cows; and the jetty, sleek-skinned little dog, near Rushen Castle, with a snaffle over his little sagacious nose; have "*ran the gauntlets*," and have enlisted crowds of the fair ones to pioneer for their *Sentimental* caterer, who has actually done his best—gone his "*ne plus*" literary-culinary-ultra, to suit the cupidity of every liquorish taste *en sentimental*. And if all be pleased, none are offended is beyond a *sophism*, *truism* himself clad in steel *cap-a-pié* bearing us witness.

Not far from Douglas I met this fair islander, who, with modest retrospective eye, half condescending, and half concerned for age, on the voyage of life—on the wing of time, a fresh achieving might, with her sweet countenance and auspicious eye—the eye of innocence and sensibility seem to address—"If thy errand be a good errand, whoever thou art, whithersoever thou art going, speed it he who has sent thee—there is a cause. If thy purpose is good, keep to it. Thou seemest not of this Isle of ours: it is for this I eye thee, perhaps far from home, not overladen with

what is sought for so much by many, and wanted by all. If thou hast a wife and children, they may—this very moment be talking about thee, and wondering where thou art; and dost thou not care for them? The sun scorches with his rays. The wind is up: see the dust flying in very clouds, darkening the objects at hand, and at a distance. Thy coat, and the rest of thy apparel, will just now be well peppered with dust, and will demand a hearty brushing another day. But, if thy errand is not a naughty one, if thou hast a worthy object in view—speak out. May be, thou art he who has come hither lately to hold to the *curious* ones of us, the *UTILE DULCI*, as thou art pleased to have it entitled; if such, I will warrant my anticipations, if thou art courteous, and manage it well; if thou art come to do us no *harm*, we will do thee *good*. We, the sons and daughters of this sweet happy Isle, sequestered from the *great* world, have many comforts, but not devoid of every care. We had a good bishop*, who, though long since dead, yet still he speaketh. We have the fruits, the labours of his Christian love amongst us; and we witness the value of bishops in his successors. See, if we behold the hospitable mansion, a mansion with its doors still open to good offices and the needy, if not to every one; is it not the man-

* Wilson.

sion for a good, a generous bishop still to adorn,
in which to live long—still to be good?

Pray thee, thoughtful fair Marks, why all this
for me? I am not a solitary. See we not the ped-
lar perspiring with his many little cares, and a
pack on his shoulders; but with the *Cresce tu
numme* tinkling in his ears, manning him on with
—"How charming I am! Who would not trudge
with a *heavy* pack on his shoulders?—nay, who
would not bid *farewel! farewel!* father and mo-
ther too, *farewel* all dear friends, and dear old
England! the *Cresce tu numme* invites! India,
with her gold bids—"hasten in *youth*; and it is
possible that thou mayst be permitted by *Him*,
who sitteth at the helm of the universe, mayst
have the *high* gratification to return, to smile com-
fort on thy dear long-bereaved parents; to assist
thy poor relations, and fairly claim to thyself the
Cognomen of the "*enterprising youth, fortunate
and generous!*" Look at yonder honest fellow on
foot, with his disquietudes, saying—"We will bear
thee company." Another mounts his horse; but
the horse cannot keep him out of the mire, he has his
"*post equitem sedet atra aura,*" enough to dismount
an able jockey. Now see you—here drives along
my gentleman in his carriage, not without his at-
tendants: his attendants are officious, and are

ready at a nod—at “*a come,*” but he may have one near him not quite so complaisant: he may have his solitudes for himself, his family, or a friend: the daily vexation and harassments about a pending election, enough to drive this *great* man, even in the moments of his ambition to say to himself—“I wish with *half* of my heart *honestly* that I was just now the most hopeful son of my father’s poor industrious tenant!” To think what he and his competitor have wasted in making decent men forget their characters, and blend with B——k’s good folks, who too often on these provocative occasions; sufficient to make very *Temperance* and *Sobriety* tremble at the “*Anguis latet in herba*”—“*the serpent lurking in the grass,*” afford a plea to B——k for nicknaming them as above. How far elections are to be blamed for making so many forget themselves, and *not forget* themselves, to make very paradoxes; and how they may be both far cheaper, and far more honourably managed, *erit meum*—“*it will be my business,*” by and by, if we can procure cannon of sufficient caliber, and experienced artillery men to work them without flinching.

Thus electrified, and thus attuned, my late stagnant fluids began to expand—to play a little rather responsively. Fresh jerks and fillips give to in-

action animation ; and from animation springs brilliancy in an author. The drooping spirits, and the half dormant pen of the *Sentimental Pedestrian*, by this gracious condescension, this retrospective courtesy of the Mona fair, were bid—be aroused. See him now thrown into an imposing attitude for scribbling: he begins again to think himself Mr. Somebody, with, alas! Mr. Nobody not far behind, to humble him. “I thank thee, fair one, whoever thou art—whencesoever thou comest ; know thou that that kind retrospect of thine, with all thy expression of cares and good advice lodged in it, set me afloat ; so that by short intervals I kept scribbling—scribbling, and in troth, missed the *high-road*, although it was a broad one. But what was the highway to me ? *Foxhunters* and *Sentimentalists* keep no vulgar tracts ; they pursue their game any where ; some without, “*with your leave, sir,*” scamper over fine well-rolled ploughed fields, &c.—we risk not a denial. While others in their novitiate state, politely break down hedges, instead of springing over them, and four barred gates, as Wms. H——, esquire’s huntsman, and bravoës in the heat of the chase did to the admiration of village youths, who breathless said—“ We like the sport ; and oh ! had we but each a good ——.” Have thy exclamation gratified—have one of these fine blood horses, and tumble neck over heels to be

laughed at, in the experiment; and this way learn to be taught, to keep on thy feet, near thy good mother—thy kind “*Terra firma*.”

Remark steps in with—“It is good to be humble and keep near home, attending to the fair biddings of thy parents, and exercise thy body with profitable labour, improving thy leisure by the reading of that good book which bids—“Fear God, honour the king, and all that are put in authority under him;” modestly intimating to Sir, Esquire, or Baronet, that a taste of thy grass, corn, or turnips, elaborated into strong food, called *venison*, might sinew thy arm against the next threatened invasion, to be still most affectually repelled by BRITONS, invincibly attached to their king and their country, by indulgences reasonable and well-timed.” While I wish to bear up the authority of the higher ranks in society, I claim to myself more than a *sham* advocate of the lower. As every beautiful apple is not the best relished; as every fair, open, seemingly accessible personage is not so; so the high road is not always the nearest and best. A person may, by strolling out of the high way, the old beaten tract, unexpectedly fall in with a kind friend—may stumble upon a purse of gold for Honesty to say—“I must not keep thee, because thou mayst every hour—nay;

minute, call me a cowardly rogue, without the dexterity of manœuvring. We will suppose, if thou or I should find a Manks lady's umbrella, should I not say, "here bellman is a sixpence for you, find the owner?" Or wouldst thou halt seven or eight days, until it be ferreted by this bellman, whom it belonged unto thee, to call into his duty by sounding in the ears of the public—"whoever has found," &c.;* and wilt thou demand at the rate of about fifty pounds per cent. for *warehousing* this said umbrella seven or eight long days? *Apology*, to whom we have all occasion so often to apply, candidly observes—"He is young, it might, peradventure, be an oversight at this time, not for a precedent for youth, or age; and as the per centage for warehouse room appears to run high for these umbrellas, I, *Apology*, turn *Dictator*, and do enjoin every stroller, be he *English*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, or *Welsh*, to take more care of these gentry for the future; so that neither Manksman, nor any other man may hereafter be tempted to hazard what will hardly beggar the one—the *loser*, nor enrich the other—the *finder*.

Digression, like an *Ignis fatuus*—a wild fire, leads me astray a little, but have patience, candid

* The *lex lata*, or law enacted says—"If any one find what is lost, and do not announce it, he is liable to a prosecution."

readers, I will endeavour to curb the mettle of my startling, expatiating courses, and be with you near the old ground, as fast as I decorously can.

Fancy, thou art an able, a bold portrayer, when once fairly on the wing: when aloft, what magic—what imagery! and alas, what delusion!

“*Modo me Thebis, modo posuit Athenis.*”—HORACE.

Now we are here; anon there,—“*hic et ubique.*” Now see us at the CITY of Cities, with a plain—“How do you do my twenty-six years ago kind patrons?” We are coming again, dare we say to more than amuse you, when you have stolen from hurry, that enchantress, to speak to, and confab with me as heretofore. Now I am at Paris, at a stand. Fine bold fellows! Let England and France swear an eternal friendship, and defy the whole world. Think Frenchmen, never—not even in the clashing of arms—never forget the generosity of the glorious sea-girt Isle of Britain, land of humanity! How did she entertain thy vagrant sons, whom *fear* expelled from home during *peace*; and how—how humane was she, even in the rude confusion of imprisonment, your own brave soldiers’ improved bulk and countenances best could tell. Think Louis, of HOLYROOD HOUSE. Now I am talking with my head uncovered to a crowned

monarch—Now with my circumforaneous chiding him for telling me a *lie gratis* !—Poor trade ! Now with the Czarina of Russia—Now with my Mrs. T——, while Mr. T—— within cannon shot of *Rushen Castle*, is reposing his rheumatic pains on his *sofa*, or *soft-at-ease*, in the front parlour, with a good book in his hand, with the street to tempt the eye of reading-age. *Imagination*, pray thee, peep at honest Sentimental, courteously admitted to occupy the old cloth-covered, comfortable elbow chair, retiredly in the back kitchen, with the chit-chat of the spare moment, my kind, I had almost ventured, charming catèress, with the *bona venta* of Mr. T——, regaling me with a Marks fairy tale, amongst a charming variety, furnished from the arena of her *cidevant* hotel: and among the worst how a lord B——d, after having regaled *ad libitum* over her variety of dainties, with many “*if you please, my lord,*” —“*what do you please to want, my lord,*” thrown into the bargain, *sans cérémonie*, politely quitted Mrs. T—— for *Rushen Castle*, with a *minus* of 434*l.* 17*s.*, if I mistake not, against my courteous hostess, who, in the background of pausing remittances from my pausing transmarine cashier, at the very ebb, more than once, of what would have released my remittances, still kept a holiday countenance for her hap-hazard guest ; and that fair open countenance had not at

not to be clouded with what dejects a lover in his advances to his coquetteish fair—the dear kind woman did not—frown. In this way wish to repay civilities until my finances be improved. To do good and to employ civility, are the best means to find a return. “More haste than good speed,” implies stumbling, and is not the language of a great politician. Now see me visiting Spain, beginning with my—“*¡cás!* I never thought that it would have come to this. Is it not a pity that near neighbours cannot agree? When *cronics* quarrel, it is a delicate—a dangerous experiment for bystanders to intermeddle: backed by good intentions, they may in the end get their fingers burned for their trouble, without a balm to allay the pain.” Now I am at Edinburgh, staring at, and admiring the grand, the large, the truly formidable castle, with its *non-parent* prospect, and the smotheringly elegant buildings, judging that our neighbours beyond the Tweed want neither money nor a fine architectural taste.

Shall we now pass from home and steal a peep into the cage* full of beautiful bespangled birds, collected from different quarters? *Imagination* says—“I have taken a bold peep; and I have to announce to the GRAND SEIGNIOR — in the name of king

* Seraglio.

George IV. of ENGLAND, that if he, the Grand Seignior, do not immediately give orders to suffer these said beautiful birds to fly at large in open air, the discharge of the vengeance of his majesty George IV. the illustrious *Chevalier-knight-errant* of England, will from yonder engines speak in roarings terrible—roarings personified in language not difficult to be interpreted:—"Lock not up from fresh air, from friends, from a world of admirers, ladies that would make a little world more than smile.—What, shall nature halt? Shall the world stand still? The beauty of creation, these fair Circassians, as fair as the fairest of England's boast, be lost—lost to the many; but to thee—nay, lost to thee too, from satiety? Does the Alcoran itself of Mahomet encourage all this? What wilt thou, after the lengthened, unsatisfactory experiment of ages entailing, alas!—wilt thou not break this entail with thy sovereign, dignified ~~avowed~~, or live to imitate the worst, the most foolish example of the once wisest and richest, and most splendid king?" Imagination having risked a peep as above, now addresses the high-burnished birds in the cage:—"Do ye at length admire, and love this cage, invited by ease, dainties, and fine feathers? Do ye, indeed? Then hear from me, my dainty creatures, painted images:—where is the arena of combat? Where the virtue, the

valour of an *heroine*? Where the palm for a tempted, victorious *chastity*? Where the prize of conquest? Where too the expansive pleasure of being extensively useful? Where the exquisite sensibility of a young mother, with her first tender shoot, clasping and enclasped, outvying the simile of the encircling, intertwining, tenacious ivy. Must nature quit her course—her routine of duties? Must worshippers cease to adore? Must brute creation get ahead, and go at large? Are ye, my fair, my lovely women, thus way justified in skulking from trials, as *ordure* is the wide theatre of common life, to banquet, to riot on the spoils, the labours of others—the very partial earnings of the poor! Hazarding a few rare gratifications, ye are the plenipotentiaries of many—not to be greatly admired—when thus alloyed. Do these gratifications, indeed, lull you to a requiem—a requiem to be courted, to be coveted by none but a nest, a cage full of doted, benighted slaves!” But *Gandour*, clothed in sunshine, taking up his sterner, says—
 “Let me look at what thou, Imagination, in thy hazy, mayst peradventure have overlooked. Casting our eyes upon the other side of the picture, see we not these dear fair ones, like birds noviciates in a cage, fluttering day after day, trying this way and that way for an escape, sorrowing, and weeping, and exclaiming—what their loss of li-

berly, of parents, of relations, and of many dear friends. Their features are grown languid by pining; and their late fatal beauty is less attractive from compulsion and confinement; and if at length a gradually rather painless, torpedo-feeling creep in upon them in this their recess from a busy world; we have rather to pity, and to feel for these charming women, than to be greatly censorious. Will not this picture in some of its leading traits, embrace the dormant recluse, *non-militant* state of *Monks, Friars, and Nuns*, where we have much to admire, but more perhaps to commend?

WE NOW PULL UP THE REINS OF OUR LATE VAGARY COURSES, AND INVITE THEM TO KEEP THE DIRECT ROAD TO CASTLETOWN.

Some miles gone, I thirst—I faint. A glass of good ale would be in season; and this the time for reason to bid—"Partake, uniting gratification to a fresh nervous tone." By having strolled out of my road, I missed my public house, and my little obliging hostess, whose civility enabled me to dress up a petty dish in *my* way, of which my customers have already tasted. What a pity, thought I, having a dislike to fresh faces, without sufficient

reason, as it is not good breeding to give umbrage to your host, whose assiduities, with proper allowances, sometimes even for want of them, in the hurry of the moment, should be obligingly repayed. Consider what a variety of humours they have to please; and you will wonder how well, in general, these public purveyors keep pace with the tedious routine of their trying duties—trying, sometimes, in the extreme. Refreshment was the emphatic refreshment to me, who had walked a number of miles under the intense rays of a sun that spared no one; while I had to parry clouds of dust, eddied by unsparing winds. Sun, thou art a miraculous luminary! Winds, who can tell your abode! Sun! thy rays how nutritious to vegetation! yet thou beholdest us flying from thee: time and place giving a different turn even to estimable things. I now descry a petty public house. It is my humour at this time to think, because thou art what I want, and my pence may do thee no harm, and the drooping pedestrian good; I will invite thy civility. Do I begin already to move within the sphere of attraction—to feel regaled at ease by anticipation? It is by virtue of this charm I promise myself a fair chance of being twice regaled. Even so—indeed, you tell me the brewer comes. Not much ale is sold. Little money. He frowns. Ye, poor souls, are alarmed, while the ale,

you honestly declare, from its slender constitution, too often falls into a habit equally indecorous in a landlord. Two should not, indeed, if it could be prevented, turn sour at once. Not so here at this time; the landlord might complain of old sores, but the ale was brisk—the landlord was not sour. Is it not a shame to quaff too much ale in order to keep it in countenance? And it is a pity that our landlords should ever be put out of countenance. While I am drinking, and while I am scribbling, income five or six Marksmen, “robust and strong, on herring food well fed*.” They daily ~~not~~ call for ale—the tankard has but short respite. They, in a lingo mysterious to me with my smatterings of Latin, chatter round and round. Anon, like the chiming of bells. The landlord is now in his holiday countenance, while these brisk fellows are thus at home. “*Welcome, but stay not too long,*” should be the motto of every public house—why not of every house? If they neither scold nor quarrel over what makes them lively, is not this worthy of imitation? And these *illiterate*, as I am willing to think them, may perhaps this very moment be laying a scheme to rob the *literate*, while he is actually among the very conspirators! Latin availing him not one jot! Parents! deli-

* I must thank Dr. S— for this expression, this strong food; he pointed it out to me, a novice in this diet.

berate with experience at your elbow, the serious deliberation; and no longer rob your children, who are not marked out for learned professions, of solid knowledge in the idle pursuit of what is often so much laboured for to little, or no useful—lasting purposes. What a waste of what is justly considered by all as most precious, I am not among the last to lament and tell!

To return to the scene. It was rather mortifying to hear so much *jargon* to me, and learn nothing but from grimace. It was *à toto* an harlequin exhibition to me. Well, they eye me. I am not idle. Strange faces, and a strange language have in some places raised suspicion, curiosity, perhaps alarm. They might take me for a spy, with my pen taking the bearings of the island, and report to the governor, who, faithful to his trust, and weighing the value of the island, a bone of contention for former kings; aware that treason is still stalking about in some places, and lurking in others, must not be off his watch-tower in the time of seeming security, remembering the

“Græcos dona ferentes,”—VIR.

to the unguarded sons of Troy. Whether they said—“Who is this man that scribbles away so fast? He looks like a parson from his dress; or

is he that O——, come hither from England? but a spy is a poor trade among the Manks: or he may be a great scholar. What is it to be a great scholar? We have indeed much hard labour looking us every day in the face; but we learn to be content, whilst by our labour we can earn enough to pay every one his due. We drink not to impoverish our families, but to recruit our strength. We are not unhappy when we drink moderately. Our cares are few: our wants are not many. Whether all these fine folks that we see so often passing us in their grand carriages, be happier than we—who knows? But we should not forget that some of them are kind to the poor. Now refreshed, my lads, we must not waste what belongs to our families, as too many of the Manks fishermen do, who leave their families to starve at home, while they are tallying abroad." Remarks such as these from a Mankman, or any man, are not unbecoming a Mankman, or any description of men. At length, thought I, shall these harlequins puzzle their great scholar? I will discharge my artillery on my retreat, to stagger these hearty fellows. So off I go, directing a gentle charging of French shot, blended with Roman, after the Parthian mode of fighting:—" *Bon soir, mei boni viri*!"; and by a momentary retrospective

"Good night, my good men."

glance, think that you see one of them uprearing his inclined head from his knee, and with an emphatic stare, seem to pronounce—"What a scholar!" HOGARTH, great caricaturist! to thee turning, I have to observe, one such emphatic stare as this from a homely Manksman was enough to tempt thy inimitable comic pencil to make thee rich. Eloquence from a Manksman, is the eloquence of the eye! Low life below stairs, is in character. Keeping us within our own sphere, you see us eventually most happy: a fish is best in its own element. Yet the agile, enterprising man is apt to hazard too far to the *defect* of those who are allured by a *douceur*, and a smile into the bargain. But if you, my good folks, think me a great scholar, I am sure that you all are much out in your conjectures, is the language not of affected humility: I am conscious of my slender abilities, of my imperfect attainments. It is not scribbling either in a black, or brown coat, or grey, or any other colour, you must be told that makes a great scholar or a person; neither does much learning constitute most happiness. Secure this great treasure—happiness at home, and it will be a *fine*—thy best companion abroad.

Gentle reader, whoever thou art, that mayst be preparing too hastily to pronounce the doom of

some of the foregoing chapters, I pray thee deign to reperuse them; and thou mayst, peradventure, descry in their multiform texture, many useful things which lie lurking in the foldings of the web.

THE TALE OF THE BLACK PONY, NOT ONE HUNDRED FURLONGS FROM RUSHEN CASTLE.

Oh! were youth of all ranks and sexes but as well trained at *home* as this black pony, which, although under its trammels, might at first sight be ready to wince at the *freer than welcome*—innocent peep of a stranger, only in his leading strings in the Isle of Man—oh!—"how much better would it not be for them at *school*—how much easier also, and far—far more, and better would be done without threats, without rods, and without ferula, so painful for a teacher of tender feelings to be so often employed, for cool moments to upbraid and sicken over with the—"how odious, and how degrading!" To all my brother teachers I now appeal for each to judge, and for each to weigh the propriety of what is here advanced; each so far doing his *own* duty, that his remonstrances and exhortations to parents and their children, may not be mistimed as being too

dictatorial. Do I seem to hear you saying—
 “G. T.——retires from the field providing us, we
 believe, kindly with simple tactics, but of a rather
 superior order.”

Parents! as it appears that much indeed rests
 with you—look to it: it will, you may rest assured
 —it will return in the—“*whatever a man sows, that
 will he reap:*” yourselves or your dear offspring
 will reap the advantages, or otherwise, in all their
 bearings. If the parent send his child to school
 with Obedience planted and rooted well in the
 heart—it is auspicious—much is already done.
 The teacher soon feels it—bails it, and builds upon
 it a structure—how stately! The youth, see him
 returning for the *first* time from this school,
 smilingly. Here is the auspice—the *index*, says
 an acumen blunter than a Lavater’s:—see ye it not
 in the smile of the child from the *eye* of the
 teacher? “My preparations for, and anticipations
 of the—“*well done*” from your tutor, George, I
 will venture to read in your countenance—how
 doubly sweet! while a female’s curiosity in a
 mother asks the source of your smile:—Did your
 reading please?” No, mamma, it was because my
 Teacher said—that I sat *quietly*; behaved *well*;
 i. e. I thought, like a *well-bred* gentleman, did my
best, and answered questions without being

asked more than *once*; and so *audibly*, as to be *distinctly* heard. For this the pupils here are chiefly applauded—in this they excel—for this we are so crowded.

Strong remark from the united, lengthened experience of teachers announces—"it is for want of this proper *breaking-in* at home—this *obedience*, that we so frequently hear the alas! commencing with the teacher, which has too often not ended, but in the more than twice alas! in the disappointed parents;" on whom these lectures, not libelous, fairly attaching, are meant as kind suaves, incentives, and studied-to-be-useful admonitions.

TO PARENTS.

Do I indeed see you thus early, under the impression of the moment, grow serious, more than one acknowledging his error from carelessness? do I indeed see you standing rebuked? The father ingenuously confessing, that his many wordly engagements have made him forget the best interests of his child, in his having slackened the reins of discipline too much. The mother laments a mother's weakness. Shall we pronounce this auspicious? Cool indifference, an ignoble indolence

of soul and body—avaunt you, how too truly inauspicious in parents, I leave to all friends of instruction—for each to judge.

Parents and teachers be united, "*leaving no back doors for idlers to creep out at,*" and see what a change; or charge this as the petulant, meddling moment of your amanuensis, and loose advice, because so cheap. Was the horse Bucephalus, a present to the father of Alexander the Great, too cheap? If none could have contrived to mount him—was the present to be depreciated?—was he not still Bucephalus? But Alexander alone made the gift valuable. Alexander's acumen was sharper than others. Who taught Alexander? One* to whom, we read, he said that he owed more on account of his education, than to his father Philip, the then puissant king of Macedonia—for his life. But yet with this most eminent tutor, and his own great natural abilities and accomplishments, we, alas! see in Alexander the Great—the boasted conqueror of the *totus orbis terrarum*, a very—very ignoble slave—nay, a robber. Who bade him disturb the peaceful abodes and habits of those who sent not for him? If it was his design to open a communication with the sword, in order to improve the happiness of savage, illiterate nations,

* Aristotle.

that would have been his best excuse. Yes, we read how ~~he~~ the great Alexander, who could thus discern, thus jockey, and thus manage the fiery steed, was led to assassinate his bosom friend*; and how he took off others who thwarted his mad ambition: how he drank and reveled whole days and nights away; and how ignobly he fell at last, we need not be surprised. This is a picture to be surveyed accurately; and from which to be taught that man is but—man. But man with heavenly gifts—with grace adorned, is exalted to a higher order. For want of this fine burnish—this grace—this scripture, more than reformation—this regeneration, we are lost, some perhaps without being wholly sensible of it. This awful dereliction of the post of honour being far from a solitary one, bids—“*watch and pray,*” and ~~this~~ way keep the enemy at the door. “*Watch and pray,*” wherever you be—however safe you may be ~~not~~, you are not ~~secure~~†—a moment.

This Isle is a fine theatre for virtue to exhibit on—for virtue to gain fresh laurels; and for a boaster to more than stagger. Cheap Gin, cheap Rum, and Brandy, and Wine, &c., how often have ye not proved otherwise—dear—very dangerously

* Clitus.

† *Se* for *sine* without, or *seorsim* separate, and *cura* care.

dear to some. The Isle is not to be blamed for this fair opportunity of cheering nature cheaply. Move on, gentle visitants—move on, doing good, and getting good, while enjoying all the prime enjoyments in all their rational ramifications.

A gentleman, ycleped *Little Digressio*, politely intreats by praying—"Sentimental arbiter of *quæ quæ elegantissima*, think of me—oh! give me a place, and I will tell thee a notable tale, worth thy retailing. Know I am from the south." "If so, say on."

Well, sir, one, an abler tutor perhaps than Aristotle was to his illustrious pupil, who had, we fear, shared too little of what made his fine charger so celebrated, challenges our joint attention. This trainer of youth made disobedience, in remissness only, smart. He flogged severely on duty's call. In fact, he in his honest zeal, made hard work of it for both parties. Do I seem to hear a youth who had often smarted declare—"if I did not think my Rev. Tutor one of the best men, and ablest teachers in England, I would long ago have begged leave for absence. His goodness coupled to his zeal still bears him out. He does not flog for pastime. He speaks this way to the advantage of more than his pupils: the whole

circle of our friends feel as if it were an electrifying stroke—a flogging by proxy for them, inferring—“What severe chastisement must we expect for *crimes*, if our young relations are thus castigated for *faults*!” Shall we venture to hope that they were all the better for its influence, when none was ever old, nor ever good to become *better* and *wiser*.

This gentleman, this faithful pedagogue is highly esteemed for being a whipper so notable, as to make young unbroken colts more tractable; and far fitter for the king’s high road, by thus breaking them in so effectually—in *full blood* and *high keeping*. For these services he is justly valued; and for these he is handsomely paid.

Now another character in the guise of *Digressio Major*, a far finer gentleman, forsooth, than *Digressio Minor*, demands a parley; and shall I deign to hear him? I would listen—I would deign to be politely attentive, if I could turn to good account this tale of thine, of which thou art just now travelling. As thou too art from the south, I give thee more freely the hearing—say on.

At a celebrated academy in the south, if Mr. Prosody be not politely—“*usque ad unquem,*” ad-

dressed every day, and all the day; Mr. P—— being so great a favourite with Dr. *Nescio quem*, and so terrible a man, insists—"Make that rude youth atone for insulting me *once*, by bowing the *erravi magnum errorem, peccavi magnopere*, five hundred times; and be this cheap way taught to abuse me—to wound my most delicate ears for the future; enough to make us pure grammarians forget our post of honour—*Decorum*. To misnomer me every *now* and *then*, is making too free—"freer than welcome."

The defaulter in the *lapsus lingue*, is thus paying his homage to the erudite Mr. P——; is thus bowing, whilst his compeers are bracing for fresh action, by *running, leaping, striking the ball, wrestling**, &c.; in which last, I was more celebrated in youth, than for my learning. We will not put *fighting* into this catalogue. Did you not hear the *death-knoll* of pugilism, in the *death-knoll* of the

"Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui luma adempta."—VIRGIL.

Here the youths, well exercised and well braced, while relaxing from study, must do business, or be gone. No interfering—no dictating here; and this

* G. T. confesses his penchant for *wrestling*, as a fine alert exercise for sedentary youth.

is the cause that so much is, in general, effected well at those celebrated academies, where, although they may carry some points seemingly too far, it must be confessed that they exhibit a fine train of arrangements; and by employing commendable activity, banish supineness and an indolence of soul so much out of character in the fire of youth; and yet, how torpid—how listless in the literary chase, do we not unfrequently see youth itself, till the torch of rivalry has lighted the fire in their hitherto lukewarm bosoms.

A FINE PICTURE!

We see thee, fair and comely, enjoying thy good things heartily and thankfully; but rather than be lavish and get sick of a surfeit, thou furnishest our pen with *how* thou gavest a portion of thy too much, of thy superfluities, to yonder poor old man, bending under age and infirmities; and madest thy *dessert* of his harlequin smile. There are not a few foolishly laboured foreign dishes; thou hast made this at home thyself, cheap—aye, and how savoury! The smile is the thing! The smile popt its head out of yonder dish. Dishes can make the dumb to speak plainly. How he smiles! Did not I see a *something* in the smile of this old man, *one* of thy pensioners, not seen in every pen-

siener for want of a reflection* from the sullied or unpolished mirror. He smiled this plain effusion of the heart :—"This is wonderfully kind indeed—to be kind *wanted*!"

Here remark steps in with—A gift not long crouched for, is a doubly gratifying gift. "*Qui cède dat, bis dat* :—"He who gives quickly, gives twice."

Do I now again hear the language of the countenance?—"Where does this wonderful fine lady come from†? This makes rich fine folks, great fine folks, indeed! Is this dear kind lady—a very picture of what I find her, come, think ye for a pattern to other visitants, and to the rich ones of the Isle? The English, I have heard, are apt at imitating foreigners. This fine beautiful lady has set *all* parties a good example. When I consider, this is not a *new* thing; but it is done in a new way—so cheerfully—so loveably! I never did see, nor hear, nor *feel* the like of this in all my life before! Our neighbours, the Irish, one might suppose, had drained generous old England; but I think indeed that they have still the widow's

* Gratitude.

† We are led to imitate this rustic mode of speech:—"whence comes" is more accurate.

cruise of oil among them; they are never done—never drained; and they have been coming of late years to see this little Island—have spent their money, and given to do us good; and are we ungrateful? But the sterling English are inclined, I must tell thee, my feeble old man, to give and be generous, whether the poor prove grateful or not; because they give not to be saluted by men, but to obey and please God.

MANKSMAN !

My dear Manksman, I now thee address—“If my generous old England could be induced to do something extraordinary for that little dirty-faced lad of thine, would free thee from the expense of his education, &c.; wouldst thou think thyself more at liberty, from their bounty to thy son, to steal under the covert of the evening into one of those corners where *really cheap*, is by indulgence made *actually dear*? As it is not all gold that seems gold; so all that appears *cheap*, does not always prove so. If the bounty of my generous countrymen were this way dissipated, they would presently be charged home by Mr. Inference, their sagacious logician, as thy abettors; and would reluctantly withdraw their bounty with an—Here is the rub—here the remora to check even natural

generosity in its full career. That *thou* wilt not do so, speaks for one, alters the case, and is well—so far.

My *rich* and *generous* Englishmen—nay, ladies and gentlemen of all nations, may I entreat you to try the experiment in behalf of the poorest class here; while at the time you are actually furnishing each a fine subject for retrospection to regale over, every time you retire with Dame Imagination to peep as far as little Mona, making it no longer Mona—the *solitary*; thinking you hear the poor honest folks, near the emigrating season, saying each to his neighbour—“when do you think that our kind friends beyond the sea will be with us: we begin now to look for, and expect *them*, as the Manks fishermen expect, talk, and dream about the herring *fishing-season*. But consider, although they have been kind, we have no demands, no claim for the future; and it is better to *so* labour, and *so* husband our little earnings as to be less dependent on others; while we are ready to accept with gratitude the kindnesses of others, without our too much begging and praying.” When this is the price, shall we not venture to style it a hard-earned *gratis-gift*! And I must confess, that this observation of thine breathes a noble spirit of *independence*. Hold to this as thy

sheet-anchor, and I warrant that thou wilt not readily founder.

Do I grow apprehensive that my own poor countrymen may begin to arraign me with—"why all this to do in behalf of the poor Maples—poor, indeed, if all this craving speak them poor?" "*Charity begins at home*," I own; but is not, we have been taught, confined to home. She may go abroad, but not stay abroad too long. The "*amor patriæ*" should sway much, we readily grant. But my dear, indigent countrymen, I trust that you will cease chiding, after *Gratitude* has called to your recollection the handsome doles in which you yourselves have repeatedly shared; and you must be sparing in stinting the bountiful hands of the rich and humane to *home*, who stay not at home while challenging the whole world for their *neighbours and brethren*!

KIRK ARBORY.

I seem to see thee fixing a wistful-longing eye on me, as if implying confidence. Put me beyond conjectures—these *hitty-missy* gentry—tell "*quid tibi vis?*"—*what thou wouldst be at*—speak out!

Kirk Arbory would be glad to thank the gene-

rous, rich, transmarine visitants to this Isle, if they would be so kind as help us to bring yonder little seminary for youth, and the valuable teacher with his two assistants*, his trusty, unaltercating attendants, nearer us and his duties. We would call this seminary, the Work of those kind subjects of king George IV., who came hither to give us a kind peep; regaled over the picture, although far from finished; and departed with as much as fine, ingenuous countenances could well express:—"Thou shalt not stay here long; we will endeavour to help to finish the dark side of this well out-lined portrait:—we will fix this school with a recess for the teacher, at the pleasant little village of Kirk Arbory; providing good parallel lights, on both sides, to give radiance to this now obscured portrait, which we wish to enhance, to be finished by the teacher—to be valued and encouraged."

THE TALE OF THE LITTLE BLACK DOG,
ON SHIP-BOARD, E VERA VITA—
DRAWN FROM NATURE.

Have a care, sirrah, thy dirty paws will soil my clothes, which will call for a fresh brushing, brushed already almost to the *quick*. What again, unmasked? What again, and again? Thou hast,

* Two crutches.

no doubt, a significancy in this :—this is thy language. Oh ! sagacious, sapient little creature, scripture-taught. See ! the widow's importunity from nature, and despise not monition from the little Sagacious. Read his eye, and you will read the traits of his heart. Dost thou thus unceasingly fawn to gain me over ? and shall I prove my emptiness by my want of sensibility ? Thou hast gained thy wish. What will not assiduities and good manners do ?—they seldom miss their aim. Eye the policy of the little dog :—he wheedled—he looked pleasant in the very face of repulse, till the repellent stands rebuked and taught ; and copy, ye sons and daughters of *non-complaisance*. ÆSOP and PHÆDRUS taught *inanimate* nature to open her mouth ; and shall we disdain the language of a creature so sagacious, so docile, so loving ! Oh, man ! how far we lag behind ! Call mutes no longer so, nor irrational. They are harlequins. They enchant us by their attitudes. They in time disarm us by dint of a *complaisant*—a *new-fashioned* importunity ! Although again and again I shoved thee off—it was as above—to keep fair and tidy. Think my little fellow, of the hard times, and the heavy taxes ; and say whether it is more creditable to endeavour to pay our dues and debts, or adventure a new suit to be really called—“ *This is mine—I know not when.* ”

Short and honest reckonings make, and keep, *long friends*, is well observed; and *quick returns* and *small profits* have entailed *riches* and *credit* upon many of those who have been in the ability and willingness to try the experiment. But not a few have in the end, by selling cheap, sold themselves to the door, at the expence of their merchants. Who would buy to put two, perhaps, to the door? We grow more familiar. I admit his courtesies more freely, by growing less solicitous for my apparel, with—"sufficient is the day, and He who made the day for all its wants." I now rather court than decline his caresses:—see now a fresh portrait;—see him the tiny *barker*, how he jumps, how he fawns, how he wags his tail, how he looks up without abashment. We are no longer at variance. We have no separate interests. We are now in unison. Oh! were the jarring interests of a money-seeking world thus early reconciled!

A SIMILE DRAWN FROM THE DOG.

So sometimes it has fared with a coquettish daughter of EVE. He is *this*—he is *that*—*hang* him—this thing is *wrong*—that is far from *right*—out with him. The father—the very poor good mother advises, but advises—in vain. While the

enraptured esquire, perhaps, not ninety-nine miles from the modern TYRE, smitten with the charms of his fair Miss Frolic, be she Manks, or be she from England*, who had a deal of worth and good sense at the bottom, but covered over with youth, froth, and frolic, near neighbour, plied his suit; and cool Reflection, who has a wholesome lesson for the pertest ladies, stepping in at the nick of time, said very freely and well—
 “Hear me, unbroken as thou art, if thou disdainest to listen to thy poor fond parents:—Eye him, my fair lady; and eye the princely estate yonder, sheltered by hills, and intersected by rivulets; and, *all in all*, thou canst hardly do better. Stand not in thy own sunshine. “*Make hay while the sun shines*”—and shines—on thee—how long to shine—who can divine, as men as well as women have their day? He is sociable, and not unpolite. It is true, he is rather grave. He cannot *fiddle*; and he dances with no great grace. He is not, in fact, neither wishes he to be, a *tout à la mode*—a *Frenchman*, while living in *Mona*. I would not wish to sacrifice thee for *Mammon*, I declare; but marriage, which resigns these unsubstantial things to youth, will fix thee with thy good rational companion at home; and if thou canst but get a relish for thy own fireside made savoury by soft appliances

* Sub. rosa.

and polite address, thy husband's affections, and the pleasant groves, &c., with thy own judicious complaisance, will, I hope, do more for thee than at first thou couldst foresee, or wast aware of."

You now see my good Miss Rover assume a *fresh* set of opinions :—she grows affable—less coy, and more yielding; while my gentleman, profiting by the fine opportunity, presses his suit, nor quits the chase until the game is caught, and caught—*fairly*; and not until the work is done *effectually*. She now, dear woman, a happy companion for one not *less so*—now with *gratitude* thanks *cool Reflection*, and all her train; strongly recommending to all the fair around to *make hay while the sun shines* with undiminished rays. We will venture to remark, and bid—"Marry the woman—marry the man; and not the woman for her money only." Money is good in its place; but a good woman is rarely out of place. And plain faces often prove charming faces, with a good wife into the bargain. Steril soil may, by due cultivation, be brought to yield a fine crop: while rich soil may run to waste. Such things stand on record, bidding each care for one, and see one improved. Each care for his neighbour, who is a brother; and see the world—a world of brethren!

THE TALE OF THE LITTLE BLACK DOG
OF MONITORY MEMORY CONTINUED.

Shall I go, said I, one day, to myself—shall I give my captain and his lads a peep to day?—I go. No captain—no lads. The little black dog, poor fellow, I espied tied—closely tied by the neck. He eyes me. I eyed him. We continued eying each other. I was riveted to my station. I dwelt on the subject before me, till *Sensibility* awakened and bid *Sentiment* speak in the cause of the little barker, with his modest, downcast eyes—glanced to me-ward. “Thou, my late pleasant ship-board companion, innocent and frolicsome, why tied here? and why tied so closely? What hast thou done? What stolen? Innocent or guilty, I cannot stand neuter. What can I do in this nice point? I am indeed displeased at seeing thy liberty thus curtailed, while the ducks are popping in their heads, and up with their tails, and disporting in numbers around thee, as if it were to aggravate thy bondage. To step in rashly between contending parties, and jarring tempers, is hazarding one’s own composure; yet I am half disposed to release thee, feeling as I do; but what wantest thou, my little fellow? thou mayst, with this very rope about thy neck, be *freer*, less a *slave*,

than thy master, or some of the many here, whom thou perhaps enviest as going at large. Thou seemest not hungry. That skin and hair of thine are smooth and glossy. Why then so impatient? What wantest thou, I ask thee? What!—another jerk? Thou canst not free thyself, shouldst thou break *this* rope: thy offended master might prepare a stronger! Try a while, and see whether patient submission will not release thee from thy bondage. Thy JUBILEE may not be far distant. This captain of ours and his lads, who were kind and civil to me, a *stranger*, certainly will in the end, feel for thee, one of their *domestics*; although it will happen now and then just the *reverse*: some having a strange knack of being more courteous to strangers, than to their nearest connexions." Well, this little dog still keeps addressing me with languishing eyes—with glances full of the most winning rhetoric, and fawned at a distance so pathetically, and so plainly, as to elicit—"What can I do for this little, *now* uneasy, *lately* happy little creature?" He laid down for a few minutes—now he is up again. Impatience, no desirable companion, aroused him: he seemed resolved to be unhappy! Alas! this portrait—let us not sit to be drawn by its displeasing proportions! Certainly, said I *then*, or thought *after* I had retired—*"certainly this dog has not long been inured to*

to this sort of bondage. Oh, bondage ! bondage ! if the little dog does not relish thee, is, amidst *plenty*, impatient of thy yoke, what may we not expect from man, and that man a *free-born, high-mettled, stubborn Englishman ?*" I call the lad. "Why—see the poor little dog—why thus confined ? I have eyed him ; and he replied with winning, wistful looks. Why thus on shipboard ?" "We leave the ship," the lad replied ; "and the little dog would leave it too, were he not thus confined, and he guards what else might suffer. For this he is kept, and for this he is fed." *That alters the case ;* and many a *seeming* cruelty and impropriety are altered after a fair hearing. Judge not *finally*, until thou hast audited *both* sides of the question. *Audi alteram partem* is neither unworthy the attention of an apostle, nor of a judge, nor of any one else : it ought to be engraven on tablets of brass. But the lad, enraged at these repeated jerkings, or I know not what, of the impatient little creature, instead of blending his sympathy with mine, aggravated his captivity in a way, that, although not so intended by the lad, set my little fellow at liberty, while I was looking on. While the lad, you must know, was aiming a menacing blow at their watchman, the dog with a fresh spring, and a jerk, beyond all common reckoning, overturned a large coop, to which he had been

tied; and by two or three manœuvres, "bravo! my lad, I saw—I witnessed, how dexterously thou didst actually unship the halter—the halter of bondage from thy head and across thy little sagacious nose."

What will not extremity do? It has achieved wonders! Hunger will break through stone walls. Baron Trench, a too enterprising Prussian nobleman, imprisoned by orders of the king of Prussia, did such wonderful things, effecting thereby his escape more than once from prison, as almost outstep the utmost latitude of my *Credo*. I end with Oh, sensibility! sensibility! where is thy sensorium? Then makest bondage—~~bondage~~, indeed!

THE TOURIST TO HIS PATRONS.

He is about to open a fresh tap, different in its flavour, but he will not venture to pronounce it more exquisite than one which people like to smack not one hundred miles from Castletown. I must not inform you, within seven miles, who look too long on the good thing, when it sparkles, lest my friend be alarmed. Too many customers have done harm. The Tourist will endeavour to blend the UTILE with the DULCI—cleverly: will sometimes bid you smile; not unfrequently chang-

ing the scene. Have a fresh set of actors, and do what every author studious to be pleasantly useful, rather than censoriously offensive to no good purpose, ought to aim at: he wishes innocently to *amuse* and *instruct* his junior readers by teaching to *be*, and to *do* what every one knows, or ought to know, is his best interest to *be*, and to *do*: alluring to become what every one admires as good and beautiful in others; sparing of rude jokes and satire, well knowing how unbecoming it would be for him to assume this character on set purpose, though, *philanthropy sans* malevolence, bids—"Be not off thy duty—lend thy hand to that poor drowning sailor—strive to extricate this weak creature out of the mire—endeavour to act the *Sampson*—be avenged of the enemy—the great enemy." He will dare, now and then, to serve up a dish of seasoned, innocent humour to gratify your finer sentimental taste, with the avowed purpose, and unvarnished truth of providing a good solid—homely mess for one *self*—a truly selfish gentleman, who is apt to proclaim—"It is for the public good!" when *honest self* whispers loud enough to be heard—"Think of me."

PATRONS TO THE TOURIST.

He now seems to hear his friends—his patrons—“We cannot but wish thee *good luck*, with these intentions in advance;—*go on and prosper*, if this little work of thine, with which thou presumest to feed thy pretensions to our joint favours, be adapted to make thy readers *better*, and thyself no *worse*.

“We, the sons and daughters of this Isle, will more than wish thee good luck; thou shalt share more than ourselves: we will name thy literary labours to our friends, and they to theirs; and by this chain of connexion, as by electricity, we will unite in erecting thy hopes, in repairing thy decaying structure, by bearing thee out in thy present laudable effort—the object before us, for which we wish to give thee credit; although it may not be proper to make it too trite by anticipation. But, *nota bene*, Sentimental—we who do all as above for the wide circulation of this medley of thine, *new* to the Isle of Man, must share thy gratitude. Should any of us, thy patrons, or any vagrant son of this our Isle, take a trip, or be driven by adverse winds into England, to Penrith,

in thy scribbling guise, thou hast thy lesson before thee."

SENTIMENTAL T—'S REPLIQUE.

If Gratitude pays, often, by her emotions and sympathies, she may repay when she seems not to repay at all; and a man may appear *rascally* dishonest, or ungrateful, by being *miserably* poor!

THEY GO TOO FAR, SOMETIMES, IN LONDON, AT THEIR CONVIVIAL MEETINGS.

More the shame to waste what would cherish many a poor dejected, famished brother. But we are not engaged by indenture to imitate even *London* in all things.

The day is fixed. They meet—they eat—they drink—the bottle is not suffered to stand still. It is almost "*without the Benefit of Clergy*" to look grave. "No interfering—no lecturing here—begone, or do as we are doing." They drink largely—they grow more than mellow. And while drinking other peoples' healths, they venture too far—they forfeit their own! Is not this to thee,

O man, in thy sober moments, we wish to ask—Is not this in very deed, and in good earnest, an outrage to be avoided? They bouse on—grow more than merry. They sing vociferously. Talk nonsense. They *hob-nob*—hurra! with their three-times-three. Get drunk—make a noble retreat, and soldier-like, die *fighting*! I hear you call the conclusion a *nescio quid*. If I have coloured too highly—crowded too much into one group—have put it beyond the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth to delineate—to imitate every feature—I am rejoiced. B——n, thy coffee-house witnessed a part of this group, and one character in a wig! Oh, wig! Oh, age!—age! this was too—too much!

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

Youth! my dear sirs, imitate not the worst examples of age. Come not too near, but watch at a distance the marches, and the countermarches of an enemy, which is constantly aiming, particularly in such unguarded moments as these, to rob us of our armour, and laugh us to scorn, when thus exposed. Imitate not, my dear sons of Mona—imitate not the worst lessons of the great metropolis, LONDON, in the south; but let the metropolis be taught by Castletown, in the north.

And see that I may have a good tale to tell about the Isle, springing from the occasion which will bring your temper to issue soon. By your joint *decorum* on the 19th day of July, the festive coronation day of king GEORGE IV., you know well that you will do the best homage to his majesty, while honouring yourselves under the very eye of your governor, and within the hearing of your revered Bishop; and this way set an example for all future occasions of this public nature—an example to be registered here, and to be held up for imitation as far as this report of mine may happen to be extended. I lived to see the day—a day of days; and had much to see; something to commend; little for *Censure*, watching for his prey; and to say to surrounding nations—this fellow hung his head, and went off with—“*it was what I did not expect,*” is to say—*much*—yes, I was pleased to see this busy gentleman baffled here; and am proud to announce his defeat in this public manner to the honour of MONA. Keep to your good purposes, and you will secure what cannot be purchased with all the wealth of PERU. And oh! it would be a pity if those who come to pay you transient visits should in *any* shape leave you for the worse. Asiatic customs, and luxury thence imported to conquering Rome, tended, with her too far extended em-

pire, to ruin—to prostrate even Rome, victorious as she was; and stand recorded as a *mementote* to individuals, who are a part of the great aggregate, bidding each guard, in the first instance, for—himself.

Britain! aim not at too much—a hint for statesmen to pause over. But with the BIBLE in thy hand—in full view exhibited; with the sacred writings—the great *panacea*, thou canst hardly advance too far. Hear *royal blood* haranguing; and see our noble peers, &c. all around, fighting to improve the warriors' laurels, while decking their own brows with the peaceful olive—the olive in the mouth of the *harmless dove*! Look—who does not—cannot but admire a portrait more attracting—lastingly, than a very—coronation festivity? Most of all, dear Islanders, depend on your own little resources, although small; and forget not the widow's cruise of oil, nor the hand that replenished the cruise.

I MUST GO TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO MY
LORD THE BISHOP—REPORT SPEAKS
HIM FAIR.

I rise—am adjusted, and off I go. It was on a Friday morning, about eleven o'clock, when the

sun with his intense rays threatening, I hastened from delightful Castletown to Kirk Michael to pay my court to the bishop.

Selfishness, while thou makest the lazy, and the relaxed active, and *very* misers in their own interests; what wilt thou not impel the naturally active to achieve? Yes, misers, alas! too much in our own temporal interests! "The men of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light," is a rebuke of daily application. Alas! alas! that man should be so lamentably short sighted! Parents! be less active, and less solicitous for yourselves and offspring, concerning the things that perish; but unceasingly wakeful for what belongs to your own and their everlasting peace; for what will, in the end, yield comfort and solid enjoyment to both parties.

Passing by Kirk Mallew, I eyed an almost countless series of monuments, all in mourning—all speaking, although dead—speaking from the grave:—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return! We have passed the gulph. Think what you read—you will find it true. Be careful not to offend, although God be merciful. But here we must hold." I pant, and fainting, I call where a tidy landlady, with the eye of Dame Industry,

was whirling it along at her spinning wheel. This industry of thine, will, I doubt not, please thy husband; and this, being a great point gained, will be a fine example to thy daughters also, to be copied by thy neighbours. Industry in parents is a substratum of wealth to children, which by being misapplied—alas! thy earnings! But if thy industry did not make thee forget to train, trammel, and teach thy son well—the alas! belongs not to thee. A barrel of ale just arrived from the brewery, half dead, panting for breath—for life, lies on the floor vomiting out froth; induced me to call for my favourite *butter milk*, as a salubrious beverage, and a couple of eggs, for which I wished my hostess had charged *less*, as I was invited to take up my pen in order to allure our transmarine neighbours to pass over where they would find *plenty* and *cheapness* united.

THE PLEA APOLOGETIC FOR MY LAND-LADY.

As a little burthen is irksome to feeble shoulders; so this charge might press upon your humble servant, whose remains of his *five* pounds began to whisper—*cave*—“How daredst thou voyage it hither with me in a decayed state of health? Dear me, I understood that we were only to stay

about *three weeks* at WHITEHAVEN." "Well—well, if we behave ourselves, we shall not suffer—but for good. Molest me not, at present, weary as I am, I beseech thee. If my lord bishop will but have the goodness to enter the list with his honour the governor, in our behalf, we will, under the banners of the *Crown* and the *Mitre*, fight our battles as well as we can.

NOW FOR IT !

Well, the daughter begins to sweep the house near the barrel, and stirs up what would have been quiet. Dirt says—"I would be quiet;" and lazy says—"I would be quiet, only molest us not." By stirring up the froth on the floor, she blended the dust, but did not allay it. The girl and the dust approaching, his honour took fire:—"This is the way of all polite people, to begin to sweep their houses after their guests have come in." Not taking my hint, she continues sweeping, although the mother understood my sarcastic irony, and bid—"Cease." The industrious girl still deaf to monition, but *brim-full* of rustic *politesse*, coming nearer and nearer: now for thy *forte*, the *nescio quid*.—Be sharp, or thou wilt be undone; she will spoil thy finery. The dust too will turn this weak brain of thine: it will steal into the ~~net~~

mirabile, and spoil the fine *net work*, unfitting thee for thy *sentimental* strokes, and thy *exquisites*. Thus alarmed, and this way excited, in the twinkling of an eye, a rather more than gentle tip being so dexterously applied to Miss Broomstick's bottom; as by operating medicinally, like a *jet d'eau*, did the Work—effected a *quick* cure. Do I not see you smiling at this victory gained, without bloodshed, in this new mode of tactics?

I now, a self constituted *Generalissimo*, by virtue of my late manœuvre and prowess, announce at head quarters—my *Prætorium*—"All that is subtle, and every weapon of repulsion may be justifiably employed against the unprovoked aggression of an enemy;" and if Governor Elliott billeted hot balls upon the Spaniards*, who were making far *freer than welcome*, before Gibraltar, the key of old England, whose constant imperious tone is—

* The Spaniards at the siege of Gibraltar, advanced with a great number of hulky hulks, stuffed with wool, &c., and covered with raw hides, from which *cold* cannon balls recoiling, General Elliott, humane as he had been, was forced to bid—"fly, *hot balls*, hasten—fly." Red hot balls, thus commissioned, flew as quick as lightning, and did the dreadful work—effectually!

Captain Curtis—soldier of humanity! the many drowning, fire-scorched Spaniards, saved at the hazard of thy own life, and the lives of thy brave fellows, should stand on record to your joint immortal honour.

“*Nemo me impune lacessit;*” the “*Ne quid detrimēti respublica capiat;*”—“*Lest the public good may suffer any damage;*” was his strong—his only plea. Do I again seem to hear my honest Manks-men exclaiming—“What it is to be a scholar!—Who would have thought of such a trick—such a queer way of snubbing a poor country girl, who was wishing to be over civil?” The girl ceases—the sport is over. “Alas! the farce is ended”—too soon did I hear thee begin to exclaim! Wouldst thou but be thus disposed at the end of—didst thou ever *encore*, a sermon?

ANECDOTE.

The great Sir Walter Raleigh, being in the company of a party of gentlemen, asked—“Who can set an egg on its narrow end?” They demur—cannot. He gave it a gentle tap on the smaller end, and the work is done. “Any of us could have done that,” said they; “but which of you,” said he, “*thought of it?*”

This chapter, my gentle readers, I seem to hear you join in saying—“is a little droll; but what couldst thou do better at *extemity*, than to come to *extremities*. And grudge not the charge, it being no doubt a compliment to *exteriors*. We will

make it up with full interest; and let not this instance lead thee, with the professions of candour hanging on thy lips, to speak unfavourably of our Island. If the mother mistook her man; and her poor dear daughter was too polite—sedate thy bite, we pray thee. Had it not been for this mistake of thy tidy landlady, mistaking the slender lining of thy fob, we might not have been supplied with this chapter of accidents—with what makes the grave almost to smile. Fret not, nor grudge. Call again on thy return. If the bishop be courteous—canst thou—darest thou be not so? A second peep at this tidy Mrs. — and the old scenery, and another bib of thy wholesome beverage, will, with that short-lived acrimony of thine, put thy disquietudes on this occasion—all to bed—all to be hushed.*

I did call again; but the ale, having come to life, and ready for action; thinking—“There is a time for every thing;” and in conformity with this suggestion, wishing to be guided here, I called for ale, to avoid as if affecting an ill-timed singularity. But too many have been put out of countenance with their praise-worthy *singularities*, and elidden into the world’s *irregularities* to their own badly earned reproach. Every thing is good in its place. Is that wine, or, &c. good for *thy* complaint? Does it gladden *thy* heart—make

thee more generous by warming thy fluids? I see one courtesying with the smile of rhetoric—with a rhetoric, which, without book-learning, makes the strongest impression, the most converts. Ah! she—this *one* has tasted what cherished thyself. Thou, I plainly see—thou art aware of the social compact; although not deeply read in books, thou hast, I find, learned to good purpose—somewhere else; thou hast, indeed, attended an excellent teacher.

I could name a person, who had, occasionally, presents of wine, &c. from abroad; and I believe, he enjoyed as much luxury in bestowing a little on a poor sick neighbour, as drinking it himself. Wine, employed this way has a double relish. Wine, consumed thus, is well consumed. Wine bestowed in the day of sickness, or of want, is not bestowed in vain. Bounty! now the characteristic of the ennobled sons of Britain—go—proceed—be prodigal here, and welcome will readily open the door where reside the poor, the halt, and the blind.

Welcome extravagance, running in this wide circuit, take thy full career. Here is work for the *sedentary*; here is a fine field—a new chase for the *active*. Experience will lead you to a new—an unexpected train of gratifications. Now,

at length, having tasted, and acquired a relish for superior refinements, I hear you blame your parents for pressing this one duty, among the wide range of Christian pleasing duties, so faintly on your untutored, unthanking minds. Some could almost envy the opportunities that present themselves from riches. See them rich with all your expectations on the tiptoe; and, if we hear that their generosity has found a new channel, or no channel—abroad, we have to remark—*such things have been*. But you will not be so much surprised when you are told, or consider, that riches are in league with, and have in their train, a fresh set, or assortment of eyes, ears, and an unexpected series of organic machinery. Amidst these see the weak creature live oscillating, and bewildered; and die with his good intentions;—die not greatly lamented with all his expectations defeated, and, he cannot tell how—unrealized!

ANECDOTE IN POINT.

A young man goes abroad, and, with a small salary, forgets not the ~~nee~~ ^{mother} that dandled him. Here is a son! the fond mother cries. This is a hopeful youth, her neighbours join her in crying. He marries a lady with a large fortune. Intimates to his private friends that he meant to do much

for the place of his nativity. The good folks hearing, would no doubt, be delighted, waiting the fulfilment with pleasing expectations. He might seem to raise their expectations, when they saw himself and his spouse coming to reside near the object of his previous thoughts. He buys land; He builds a stately mansion. Leaves it. He removes once more on earth. He is now removed—gone to his *long home* before the great work was done. His resolves not being built on a rock, vanished like the—“*baseless fabric of a vision*,” or a dream—vanished into air, lost by the fallacious rhetoric daily in the mouth of *procrastination*. His resolves, on this behalf, are lost *for ever*! Yet he was a kind, and a liberal man; and his good intentions might sink under an accumulated load—a load unknown to us—a burden imposed upon him—by others. His heart might still be on the object—still sound; and yet his purposes left unfinished!

HEAR ME SOBERLY AND PATIENTLY!

Often have I thought; and often I have wondered that so many have quitted this mortal stage, within the narrow circle of my observation, *childless*, who might have entailed a regular series of heirs in succeeding generations—might have still

been living. It may be that you never gave this grand subject a due consideration; and it would be much better to confide in an honest, judicious man to help "*to set your house in order*"—to settle your temporal affairs so that this act, at least, may have to expect—Non "*perdidi diem*"—*I have not misemployed the day*"—I have done something for the best; for Posterity to applaud and say—"he, or she is not dead;" for Conscience to whisper—"this is *something like*, it is well done, and better so done, than undone." "*To die—to sleep—to dream.*" To awake to hear *well done* for this thy last action, has been an action best done of all thy former actions. Who comes first? Queen Elizabeth. Who next? Lady B. Hastings. Who next? R——n. Who next? B——re. Who next? I cease to invite, while I labour to provoke the generous strife. With this intimation do I not seem to see as with the eye of prophecy a succession of those near us, who confess—"There is room for improvement. We have not turned our minds this way much; but we grow warm with the vision, and we will incorporate it—it shall be no longer a *vision*. If the *theory* be so pleasing—what will the *reality* be? We *have* done, we *are* doing a little; but we will not halt here. We will by our examples rouse our neighbours to life and to actions for Posterity to applaud and copy,

continuing successively to remark—"He is not dead, but *sleepeth*"—to be awakened, and to be rewarded.

OBSERVATION SAYS—"HEAR ME."

How eagerly do I see you hastening to amass riches. I see you, after a hard struggle, full of wealth—you have gained your wish. Now tell us honestly, whether it was really with the noble design of being more extensively useful to the community; or for the little feverish vanity of out-stepping a rival; or for a thirst of lucre; or, perhaps, for a wish to provide more largely, nay, extravagantly, for yourself and family, you have been so faithful a servant, a drudge thus laborious.

OBSERVATION CONTINUES NOTICING:

You have amassed riches—you have done great things in the eyes of the world. Your wealth is, indeed, superabundant. But how often is the fine heir seen to start merrily and gallopingly where you halted. He begins to swagger—look big, and range at large on your late hard earnings, perhaps, in your life-time—before your own eyes, for a lesson to other worldly parents—that "*No more haste than good speed*" is never out of date. Thus,

presently, the mass is strewed abroad ; a few years see the laboriously-pleasing work, or earnings of many long years consumed—badly.

A PARTIAL REMEDY.

In possession of a *plus quam satis*, i. e. *more than enough* for yourself and family, you leave something for yourself to regale over upon a future day, by leaving a legacy to a *charity school*, or to improve a slender Benefice, or a poor Chapel ; or in some other way of your own. Seeing another following your example, you witness what good examples effect. Now do your part that we no longer live to see the rich bequeathing their wealth to the rich, for a world to wonder at ! and talk about. For a dying man to act so inconsistently, betrays much a great want of more than consistency. But you will rise in public estimation most of all by doing good, in your *life-time*. Do I hear you honestly confess that “ *I never gave this subject one serious consideration !* ” It has, indeed, long appeared so to many, otherwise thou wouldst not have sat down to a banquet of this fine flavour thus late in life. What ! hast thou not yet sat thee down ? We dare thee to it, in *thy life-time*. Improve *this* moment ; nor say

to Procrāstination any longer—"How do you do, my dearly beloved cousin; will it not be *soon enough* to give my poor old neighbours this useless part of my moth-eaten wardrobe, &c. *to-morrow*, or *by and by*?" *Thy* purblind privy counsellor says—"Yes," and pleases thee. But a far clearer headed, and far honesther counsellor charges home upon thee, and thy lukewarmness:—"Be quick—we have no *to-morrows* to call our own. Thou mayst begone *to-day*; or thy mind may change; or thy lukewarm character may sicken—grow cold, and—die away! Enjoy, we entreat thee—enjoy the high gratifications *now*, for thy best friends—thy *very heirs* to applaud, with angels rejoicing, and thyself joining the concert, arguing, by a foretaste—"if mortals live immortally happy by feasting on retrospection, among their other enjoyments, who would not live on such easy terms—never to die? to be happy for ever!"

VIEW THE PICTURE BELOW—HOW BEAUTIFUL IN THE ABSTRACT!

They go. They return home. They dine. Respite with a little sport. To school again. Learning in train. Fine little boys. Pretty little girls: attend to your books. Obey your parents.

at home. Forget not what your master says at school; and I will still do more for you, my dear adopted children, my pleasing amusement.

We join issue here with remarking—a father's hopes—a mother's expectations may, or may not—after all, be frustrated; but we will not suffer a cloud to intervene, because it is well known you wish it for sunshine—you mean all this for their comfort—you do it for good, and, being good in itself, good will arise out of it.

A SERIOUS REMARK.

That many teachers of youth, not to say clergymen, now mouldering in the dust, have ignobly fallen, perhaps at the board where they ought to have set an example of *temperance* and *sobriety*, extorts the alas! unsanctified book-learning, thou canst not supply the place of *grace*—the peculiar—best gift of Heaven. Human learning may polish; may make the scholar an agreeable companion:—he may tell pertinent stories from Virgil, from Horace, from Ovid, from Homer; but the Bible, and St. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and St. Paul, how shy have we been of your sober company! Ashamed to introduce and name our best, our most faithful friends, is the prize para-

dox—indeed ! Where we shall begin, and whom first blame, is not my business here ; only I sadly fear that *Heathen Mythology*, and *Heathen Authors* have had no small share in weaning thoughtless youth from the calm and sober language of the Holy Scriptures, which were, in my day, rather too great strangers in some grammar schools ; hence, imperceptibly might spring much moral evil, where great moral good might reasonably have been expected. And how far it may be worthy of our legislators, at the instance, or intreaty of the bench of my lords, the bishops, or of the “promoters of *Christian* knowledge” to bid—VALPY*, indefatigable scholar, expurgate Horace, Juvenal, &c. of their worse than dross ; so that our youth, in the nineteenth century, of a more refined taste, may at length be furnished with wholesome diet from whatever dish is set before them :—all will then be wholesome—all will be nutritious—all well-fed meat—well dressed, and well cooked.

THE SERIOUS REMARK CONTINUED.

I much fear that many promising youths have been so harassed with learning *dead* languages†

* Dr. Valpy and Rev. W. Wilson have been useful in this refinement already—in a degree.

† “Many things we may be ignorant of without blame, and

that they have lost a due sense of their very *prayers* and the *Christian Religion*, while it has been so industriously urged home upon them, without a judicious discrimination and due precautions, to store their weak and tender minds with the *Heathen Mythology*, and the names and vile stories of their gods and goddesses. This is a subject not to be trifled with, and to which too little attention has been paid, it is to be feared—far—far too long ! A subject—an evil of the first magnitude—impiously and ridiculously so : children to be so long at school more eagerly employed in rearing the tower of *Babel*, than in building, or keeping in decent repair the temple of the *living* God. The tender mind thus biased by being thus early pre-occupied, how can we but expect the consequences—the *é re nata*, reversing as we do the scripture injunction of—“*Seek ye first the kingdom of GOD and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*” For want of beginning where we ought, it is to be learned to few lastingly good purposes, and is but shallow—unsanctified learning !

consequently without guilt. It is no reflection upon us, if we do not understand the principles of *philosophy*, nor the problems of the *mathematics*, &c. when we make none of those studies our professions.” Vide page 169 of Robert Nelson, Esq.

This palpable error in the education of the medium respectable class of the community; and the painful alternatives by which I have been often distracted bid me thus openly, but with due respect, submit my long indulged *private* sentiments to an impartial *public* opinion; and, leaving the field open for others to improve, I shall not be displeased, while I am honestly announcing my decided opinion on the subject of useful learning, if I have judiciously hazarded such hints as may be fostered by the candour and good sense of parents and teachers to their mutual advantage.

PARENTS!

It would be well if you could *all* be led to insist, and see that *night-tasks* be perfectly got under your own roofs; as tasks, unfaithfully prepared at *home*, augur that all is not right there: that you do not rate highly enough what you are apt to think dear enough; made much more so by your own inattention. Night-tasks well husbanded, forward learning not a little to the great advantage of all parties. Night-tasks neglected, entail punishment on the scholar; vexation and *extra toil* on the teacher; and confusion on the whole school; with a lengthened expense to open the eyes of many unthinking parents.

TEACHERS!

My dear sirs and fellow labourers, go to the smith, and he can tell you, as one told an idle pupil of mine whom I sent to ask. He told him—"We *blacksmiths* are taught to heat the *cold* iron *red hot*; and then have at thee for a *horse shoe*." "*Sat sapienti*." The *more* thy pupil labours, the *less* toil for thyself, to the *great* advantage of all! "*Laboriosè—injudiciously, nil*" fere "*agimus*."

Let parents be fully apprized of your plan of education when the pupil, at first, enters your school; and then pertinaciously maintain your authority—your post of honour, relying on the faithful discharge of your office; and if you fall, —fall fighting. No—no! this will not be the case; you will, this very way, bear down every opposition; and, in the end, prove greatly victorious, by having proved yourself highly valuable.

A PRECEDENT.

To a youthful student careering along the plain:—"Why so fast, hasty sir?—why never haltest thou?" "I do this from a fear of attractive allurements, to keep clear of expense: in plain Eng-

lish, I do this to prevent the circulation of my *money*; and to promote the circulation of my *blood*."

DIGRESSION.

Do we seem to hear you, my patient readers, at length exclaiming—"What—who is this with his eccentric, discursive variety of useful, although many, at first sight, seemingly trifling subjects? His remarks thus blended, and diversified, and brought into review in such a way, and in a dress thus scenic and original, seem to bid fair to furnish entertainment to the Isle; and may not this ~~may~~ serve to amuse our visitors also, who are successively migrating hither, observing—~~if there~~ is now not a little noise about this Isle of yours?" We have, you know, quarries of different *strata* in this Isle of ours; but this ~~Triassic~~ from Cumberland has got into a mind—has opened such a—perhaps, rich vein, as we Islanders, nor any one else on record, ever heard, or dreamt of. It is true, he now assumes the rod of the *censor*, and scruples not to clothe himself in the paludamentum of the *dictator* and *warrior*; yet we learn that, having been drilled in military ranks, and kept a whole fortnight! on *permanent duty**, when Buger-

* H. T. values himself more as being the author of the

parte threatening so much to invade England, with his "*delenda est Carthago*," *aut pauperanda*, alarmed youth and age; he was then taught to *know himself*; and the great Busby, had he been of their corps, he too must have lowered his *sopwell*.

ANECDOTE IN POINT.

The king of that day visits Westminster school. Doctor Busby receives his Majesty:—looks mighty big with his *chapeau* nailed to his head. The king retires. The mighty doctor follows with a fine gentleman called Apology, who has abundance of customers, saying—"May it please your Majesty, did my pupils think that there was *one* greater man in your Majesty's dominions than *myself*:—" *perire*m—I would be a dead man—a very *caput mortuum*."

REMARK,

Is not satisfied to let Dr. Busby steal off with his *head covered*, even with Mr. Apology to excuse his uncourtly behaviour. The king did not come *patriotic* Treatises than on his *military* pith; noticing that he has long felt the ill effects of an over-heat of blood, gotten many years ago, upon his return from "*permanent duty*."

as a *minor*, or a *pupil*; and, with due deference to departed great pedagogic merit, Dr. Busby would not, I think, have despoiled himself of his professional importance, by having uncovered his head, every pupil being aware that the king is the *greatest* man in England, and *head* of *all* the nation.

HARK!

Do I hear the *critique* of the Isle enter a caveat against thy *sentimental* vanity, by observing—"Refiners may espy alloy in the metal;" but I hear from another quarter soothingly—"be not depressed too much;—after thou hast got more leisure to double-refine it in the classic furnace; hast given it thy *usque-ad-unguem* polish, in the English mint, and it has received the royal stamp: this coin of thine will, it is to be hoped, pass current among his majesty's liege subjects here; and be not depreciated *unfairly* in public estimation—any where. Many, we hope, will notice these *gleanings*—these novel traits, dashed with a little qualified humour, recommended by the Faculty as a stimulus for the circulation of the too viscid blood. Thy *sentimental* will be called for as such; neither will the Faculty itself, we trust, be greatly offended, should this *succedaneum*, now and then, keep them at home, to cool and think."

THE ADJOINDER.

"I hope and wish with all my heart, that my double purposes may not fail—may go hand in hand. I hope and trust that ladies and gentlemen, Oxonians and the Cantabs, with my London and other friends will deign to countenance this my second *sentimental* bantling, which now looks towards them with a wistful eye; being assured that this will go farthest to repay the author for all his painfully-pleasing literary toil—his many pedestrian "*perambulations*."

THE SORDID HUT

Was a royal hut—a very feast to a weary, sun-scorched *pedestrian*. In this sordid hut, a *dépôt* for hacks and spades, &c., I gently reposed my weary limbs, while my thoughts not weary, uttered as by *medical* inspiration:—"A wise man governs his stars," i. e. he watches *time* and *place*. He notices the frame of his constitution, qualifying a fiery, irritable habit by a cooling, yet a cheering diet; and a cold habit by cordials, and diet of a warming nature, keeping a quick look out through his telescope, *quasi ad astra, et ultra—to, and beyond the stars*. He begins at the right

end of the question: he fasts *occasionally*: he watches *always*: he prays without being always upon his knees: he carries a praying spirit about with him: thus praying without ceasing; and, by attending more to the *interior* than the *exterior*, more to the *kernel* than to the *shell*, to the *substance* than the *shadow*, it proves no wonder, if in the end—in the winding up the drama, he become far richer, in every sense of the word, than the many who have laboured far harder in *drudgery fair*, with far less profit, for want of more *Prudence*, a near relation to *Common Sense*. Here we cannot suppress the rising *alas!* echoing—*Alas!*

Having done with my more than idle *reveries*—my most valuable lesson, I turn out from a hole that false pride might have scorned, although half melted with the intense rays of that very sun, which, when moderated, so much revives. But poor king Charles II., and thou still poorer—more alarmed Pretender to the British sceptre, how satisfied—how thankful would not you have been in becoming my undisturbed companions in this truly sordid hut!

Fine houses are not the happiest houses; yet grand houses well become splendid incomes. And

the seeming extravagance of the rich is the very source of comfortable bread to the poor. Thus the ocean supplies the rivers.

A little of the woodland scenery now begins gradually to open to my view. Here the not un-
useful question may be asked—how happens it that there is so little of the woodland in the south-side of the Isle?

I walk on slopingly, looking one while on that element in which the great Leviathan with other fishes, great and small, glide along, and where each hold converse in their alternate visits with his own fraternity. See them in their weeks of jubilee how they can flounce and disport in their own—the delicious, briny element; and where the Madak fishermen have such fine sport at the expense of the innocent, vagrant herring. Now to the right; anon, to the left-hand-object I turn my roving optic machinery, exclaiming—“Every object has its beauty; every beauty is a subject of wonder; every object of nature is a miraculous object! While beauty opens and shuts the scene, nature being comely even in her vague proportions, making all things beautiful; we have to confess that all things are very good by being em-

ployed to their own—best purposes, and most lasting advantages.

Arrived at Kirk Michael, I am directed to a decent public house, where *small appearance* is received courteously ; but *small appearance* by thy approved attentions to him may send thee more valuable guests. A pedestrian has not a deal of luggage in his train—does not occupy much room ; and a quick succession of such as these may better suit thy convenience, than a coach and six. “ Make things tidy and comfortable for our guest. It is our pleasure, not to name our interest, to be civil to every guest that is not rude ; and to the rude we oppose not *rudeness*.” “ My host, I come hither to be taught ; and shall I not profit by thy teaching ? it is polite—it is scripture-doctrine. If I carry a good account home with me from thus perambulating your Isle, it will be well.”

I rise early ; and, adjusted, I hasten to Bishop’s Court. Expectation awakened, and on the tip-toe, has much to picture on the retina of the imagination. Let each draw it in his own way, with his own pencil, putting himself into the guise of your humble servant. “ Not breakfasted ” at Bishop’s Court leaves the *curious* to saunter. Emboldened

by the fairness of my errand, I venture to amuse my fancy by a walk in the plantation densed with thriving trees of varied size and hue. Wert thou here, Vingil, thou mightest dare to vary thy mistress' name, and gratify thy muse with

—"Tu, Tityra, lentus in umbra,

"Formosam resonare doces Caledonnida* sylvas."

Wishing to gratify my curiosity a little farther, but fearing, as being an *alien*, I might make too free, I halted. Having been introduced into the Bishop's hall, I had presently to remark *é re veré*—from the picture I saw drawing before my eyes—"Bishop Wilson of unfading memory is not far gone—is still among you: he may live in his successors, if not in full portrait, yet in not unseemly proportions." Modes, habits, time and place, duly considered, would help to qualify some things which our too hasty reckonings are too apt to leave out of the account.

Admitted into the lobby, I am pleased to eye his lordship advancing towards me with such an air of dignified condensation as inspired me with pleasing expectations. My errand announced, Candour gracefully ~~annul~~. Who would disappoint expectation when its demands stand not too

* Patrionymic—L—by M—y.

high? Yet disappointments judiciously qualified want not their value. Raw liquor hurts the animal spirits; so high flown expectations gratified might throw a weak head, and too warm a heart into an ecstasy*, or something worse.

I will venture to indulge my feelings of the moment by now uttering—"that I was agreeably impressed by the graceful mien of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. Men of high rank generally wear fine traits in their exterior deportment, which improve—go further. Improving their opportunities in youth, and profiting by refinements within the circle of which they are so constantly moving, we need not wonder at their decided superiority

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis :
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant."—HOR.

over plebeians; of whom, not a few, however, from their sterling worth, stand highly recorded, and whom posterity have deigned to immortalize.

May his lordship live long in amity among his poor children, and rich ones too. And it may prove judicious, in the end, if the Islanders, on

* Sophocles, the great Grecian tragedian, we read, died by a surfeit of ecstasy.

their part, learn to duly appreciate the worth of their revered kind prelate, nor sicken his feelings by *ingratitude*, nor any mistimed harsh combinations*. “Love me—love the prosperity of Sion,” I am bid to direct to the one; to the clergy, in general: “*Est boni pastoris tondere—non deglubere pecus.*”

May my lord bishop with his lady live in their sweetly-wood-embosomed mansion, aiding each other in the pleasing toil of *Christian* duties—in labours of *love*, long happily with their tender shoots springing and rising in succession to copy the best examples of those around them.

THE CLERGYMAN, &c.

At Saint Michael's on the Sabbath day, the clergyman, who was no *second-rate* orator, proved in his sermon, which was well adapted to expand the narrow mind, and frozen heart of very *selfishness*; that it is both our duty, and best interest to be liberal; and he remarked—“if any one felt uneasy under the upbraiding reflection that he had injured, or defrauded another, it was not too

* G. T. having been told that something about tythes was in agitation, hazards this wholesome advice.

late—with *repentance*, to repair the damage by restoring the amount to the party if *alive*; or by disposing of it in an act of *charity*, if the injured were *dead*." If the bishop and his lady did not truant from the evening service, it was a good example to the plain Manks, who drew near their bishop's carriage, and saluted him in their homely way; and it is to be hoped that his lordship will not be offended at this sort of homage—this simple complaisance: they are his children—his pastoral charge.

Returned from the church, and about to take my seat at the head of the table, as usual, at the instance of my landlord; he, the indulgent father, begged that I would decline my claim to humour his darling, who had got possession of it; to which at first, I was readily inclined; but recollecting what eventual evils have arisen from ill-timed, mistaken parental indulgences, of which we teachers experience the early painful effects, I reclaimed my station, hazarding the good opinion of the master of the board; when my good-tempered little host immediately rose in my estimation, by setting himself at the head, not of the table, but of good manners; and, seeing the drift of my meaning, was cheerful in and after the com-

bat, in which he had to suffer ; and, from his receding, deserves something more substantial for a poor man—than a bare laurel.

MY HOST !

He might have insisted :—" the house is mine ; the table is mine : my child, as being the youngest, is dear to us both—we do not like to cross her ; you are, you know, but a lodger—here *to-day*, and gone—*to-morrow*, cannot you—pray do humour this poor bit of a child." He did none of this—he went beyond a common man ; and, discerning my determination, by giving way he virtually came off master of the field without firing *one* gun, raising hereby a fine *paradoxical* column to his lasting credit. Is not this generalship—to be imitated ?

Husbands and wives ! but most of all, too fond parents, forget not to be guided by the example of my cheerful host at Kirk Michael. And my brother-English, many of whom hastened not only to see, but, guided by your characteristic generosity, to notice the celebrated widow, Mary of BUTTERMERE, forget not when you make the tour of the Isle—forget not to smile upon this notable man. The dear wife may no longer be a wife

to him, nor a mother to this indulged child. The tender father, a second time, preparing to cross the sea to risk a severe, surgical operation under the direction of the famed Whitworth doctors, may now be poor, or in his grave; and thou, my poor, dear little, I dare not style thee—*heroine*, whom I, for good reasons, put out of my seat in thy father's house, biddest me now, in compliment to thy father, to observe:—“the little indulged girl, at this moment, may be in grief, and sorrowing for the loss of her *own* parents!—yes, may be an helpless orphan, and in want of *foster* parents.” Indulge me my feelings, and sympathize: it will do you good, because it is—*scriptural*.

THE RETURN FROM KIRK MICHAEL'S HELPS TO EKE MY TALE.

A bill of moderate charge being paid, early in the morning off I go; and pacing along unguardedly, I inspiage my foot against a stone—to be taught “*festina lente*.” As I walk along becks alternate between the Manksmen and the Cumbrian smooth the way. Man is naturally social, and likes little greetings and attentions; and who would repel them when *volunteered**? “A

* A person of high rank, we are told, upon his rebuking a youth who was leading a calf by a string, *hee not uncovering*.

rice manufacture observed the C—to an Islander peeping out of his hut—panniers, indeed, made of straw platted to an—admiration! I have already admired your dexterity in covering your thatch with net-work of straw. I have more than once noticed how carefully and neatly you guard your stacks of hay and corn with straw; and how too you protect your peat and turf, your whin, your very heath stacks with *heath*. Seeing halters and ropes made out of this straw of yours, I ask you through what process does it pass to be rendered thus pliable?" "We have hit upon this way of managing the straw here, and it suits us in our homely way." "But the *Italians* and the *French* have the lead of you; and see you not into what monstrous fine figures, and elegant shapes the foreign oxen straw has, in this enlightened age, been dexterously metamorphosed. And we must not be surprised that the *English* feminine are, by female *French* tactics, taught to keep the fair portrait of the exterior—the "*os sublime*," in reserve, for the secret purpose of doing most execution; most polite mischief—unexpectedly by a—sally.

to do him homage, the youth replied—"If your worship will take hold of the calf, I will put off my hat." "*Honour to whom honour is due*;" but "*there is a time for every thing under the sun*," is left on record to be read, and by which to profit.

This, by putting the besiegers upon reconnoitering, is apt to protract the war too long*, although not displeasing; and the British youth, being in general of warm and open habits, are not much in love with *finesse*—the *covert way*—the *vallum* and *circumvallum*, and other modes of military fortification. If the French *fashionable* enjoy the high gratification of keeping the British fair under *their* thumbs, this may tend to amuse those continental gentry, while our brave fellows stand erect, and come off victorious only to "*debellare superbos*." By our fair Islanders becoming *volunteers* to French fashions during peace and war, do we infer that Gallic *costume* is invincible? or must we undeceive the world by presuming to declare that while we go to gratify our own feverish taste and pride, we give nice light employment and scatter our loose money among their *ingenious*; and by this sort of policy, do not we exhibit a notable proof of commercial, conciliatory *finesse*, worthy to be copied by all the nations in the world? Yet such has been the old-fashioned thirst of *ambition*, *avarice*, &c. that neither we, nor the whole world have at all times been taught without a *good cudgel*.

* But, as we learn that the dear old handsome, commodious *bee-hive* bonnet has begun to sound a gentle "*peccavi*," retreat, the siege may be shortened.

We do not thus husband our straw in England. Either we are too idle, or too proud; or we have not yet hit upon this manufacturing knack of yours. Arts and sciences sometimes travel with a tortoise-pace. Some never pass the seas. The Chinese will not resign his little cap; nor the Turk his turban; nor the Scotch Highlander his plaid and bonnet; neither will the Englishman, fickle and curious as he is, take hold of, and swallow every bait. While this manœuvre of yours betrays your poverty, your economy gives it a judicious direction: like Cæsar, who being bald, covered his head with laurels. Neither do I laugh at, nor scorn, nor dare I disparage your laudable industry. Yours is the toil; yours is the reward. Be it mine to publish this in your behalf from *Johnny Groat's* house to the *Scilly Isles*, and—*ultra*.

A LESSON TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Good morrow bid not the Quakers*: a people to walk by—to be imitated in many things. Their example would thin most of the nations in the world of what crushes them. See the naval armaments hushed. No resorts painful to humanity.

* More properly Friends.

Our officers at ease, see in many a Cincinnatus*, at the peaceful plough, enriching themselves and their country. See all the world at peace from a public enemy: see all the world Quakers; yet all the world is not happy: then a public enemy is not our only enemy. Good morrow† bid, and returned. The labour of the scythe will, by and by, cause you to sweat and droop; but be careful not to lie down unguardedly too long to catch cold, or to fall asleep on the cold swath. Take care to lie down out of the pointed rays of the sun; and always keep your faces opposite to the sun, as much as possible; nor lie on your backs during repose, dictates the able physician. My dear father suffered for his unguardedness. He found that his "flesh was not flesh of brass." But he did not suffer alone;—the wife, the lamenting children, the whole family suffered during many years, as intervals of health were frequently displaced by a fresh attack. And if we, the bystanders, felt and wept; what would the poor husband, in the dear father suffer! His affectionate nurse—oh! what nightly watchings: oh! what gettings up, after short respites: oh! what

* A brave illustrious Roman fetched from the plough, and created Dictator.

† Etiquette, or good manners, enjoins the first salute from the junior.

broken sleep, and that, often, during the long, cold, dreary nights of winter, fell to her lot; and yet, never—never, dear patient—cheerful woman—never do I remember that thou betrayedst to suspect—“*I wish he were gone!—I wish he were dead!*” Husbands hear, and *care*. Wives, copy after this unabated affection, and these assiduities exemplified in the character of Elizabeth Thompson*, who is reposed in Dacre church-yard, near Penrith, in Cumberland.

As a good wife, so a good husband, is from the Lord. Second marriages hazard much; but may be made much more pleasant by mutual compliance. Stepmothers claim due respect, which is the best policy to be employed by those who may modestly remonstrate with, but are not authorized to dictate to, either parent in second engagements. I therefore rather recommend this demeanour, having experienced the good effects of it during many years.

AN ATTEMPT AT THE DESCRIPTIVE, BLENDED WITH MORAL STROKES.

Hard by hangs a rock, frightful, prærupt, where
gurgles a fall, silent and peaceful, when not out-

* A kind stepmother to me.

swollen with rain : so beneath an uncouth mien and plain habiliments have been descried, not unrarely, sterling worth. See the brooks swelled by the rain, which desolates the low grounds, sweeping almost all before it except well-built houses ; but, being hemmed in here, is held at defiance, and does little harm : so a good man, master* of his temper, and all his appetites for the present ; yet, still in the field of battle—still fighting against his enemies ; although frequently tempted to offend, to be angry, he will not suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. Who would not wish that he could honestly pronounce—"I am the *he*." But wishing only will not do. If *oh ! si*—*oh ! si*—*utinam* would do, it would be too cheap a purchase, and virtue would lose her very name ; her touchstone being the field of battle, amidst temptations in the days of trial. Here is the arena of the *warrior*—here is the ordeal of *virtue*.

CONTINUATIM PICTURESQUE.

Think now you behold puny trees overhanging the rocks with their sturdy, protuberant fronts. The blackbird here ; the thrush there—an auxiliary from a rocky point, pour out their throats in an alternate melody unabated. The whinchat

* "*Teres atque rotundus*,"—*Hon.*—a complete character.

deigns to join the strain, if not the concert: she will not hold her tongue, and listen to her superiors, while ignorance does not suspect itself. Unasked she sings, my pipe; my melody is all my own; and how *divine*, how captivating, how enchanting for all; if all hear as I hear myself. But there are those querulous songsters yonder perched who sing so as to almost drown my rival strain.

Sing on, delightful choristers, all just as you like: I thank you all—each does his best. I hear vocal melody where I little dreamt ere hither I came among rocks, amidst solitude, among brambles, made far from dreary by this enchanting melody. SHARON has its roses—the valley has its lilies—the wilderness its blossoms—this dale its sheep—these very rocks their melody; and this melody is not lost. If I did not—would not hear—hear them by a mutual compact provoking each other to alternate strains—listening in turn—singing in turn, while the poor sheep, their legs being tied, have their ears at liberty. Yes, the slender sheep, many with legs tied, see them picking up a scanty blade, sought out from among whins, thorns, briars, and brackins along these sloping banks and places precept, dangerous and frightful to all but hunger and daring. Hunger has lost its

eyes—hunger spurs them on, and makes them venture, sometimes—too far.

Such is the scenery of the moment arising out of the circumstances before us—how wide, and how various! Let us then endeavour to make it innocently agreeable, while we are jogging on, or hurried along in the frequently jolting vehicle of human life, made up so much of the *ups* and *downs* as to require a jockey both dexterous and steady.

THE LITTLE FERMENT, OR FETE, AT CASTLETOWN ON THE CORONATION DAY.

This nineteenth day of July, 1821—see it ushered in with varied demonstrations of joy:—flags flying, and a full band of music playing before the “*Artificers’ New Friendly Society.*” *Friendly Society!* music—how sweet to the ears of Philanthropy! Hear ye the *feu de joie*—the loud cheering, and the national air of *God save the King!*

NOW FOR IT!

They meet. They parade through Castletown. The old look on. The young plebeians throng

after. See the gents peeping out at the windows. Behold some holiday faces not over clean. Youth walk fast—nay, run where the farce and the glee of the day bids—"hasten hither this moment, a moment—not to be lost." *Novelty*, we confess, thou wearest *prima-fronte attractions*, and art fond of inviting guests; but keeping a leanish kitchen, thou art soon deserted to catch new customers with thy old hook baited with large expectations. Now ale, a present from the gentlemen, is lavished, and by catching who can, is soon bottomed. Now cakes are thrown and scrambled for. It is fine sport and tip-toe glee for youth to tumble others, and to be tumbled in turn, for what affords the laugh and fun of the moment. *Regularity*, thou must connive, or withdraw thyself a little; it will soon be over, being hard work, it cannot last long. There is fine sport in London this day, you may be well assured; and I pray thee, honest man, retire a while to the interior—the back ground: I bid thee retire but this once—a king is not crowned every day; and this king is the *Heir apparent*, the son of our late good, much-revered, aged king George III. On this *jubilee-day* all are to be gratified in their own *outré* way so far as that *good order*, and the *laws* be not superseded. If the ale—nay *whiskey*, or *brandy*, &c. had been calmly and soberly handed to each, they

would have lost their flavour: so much do time and place. There is a time when we would surfeit on water—aye, and that water—*muddy* *. The many must sport for it—must risk for it. But neither *J—es*; nor *S—tt*, surgeons at hand; able I expect, at fractures and dislocations, &c.; nor the physician of Kirk Arbory was called into the action. Alertness bubbling the juvenile nerves; they spring—they almost fly beyond the reach of fractures on this festive day—a day of days. But look ye, yonder comes a fine lady, liked by every creature, called *Humanity*, with her *Cornucopia*, an able, unfeeling advocat! and more than looks towards Rushen Castle, the abode of mixed misery! Mirth, clothed in the holiday of *Humanity*, forgot not *Misery*. The prisoners tasted of the bounty of *Humanity*. Here Horace, illustrious poet, without—“with your leave, sir,” I really will hazard thy “*Dulce est desipere in loco*” into “*Dulce est edere in loco*.” England! with thy sea-girt sister-isles, only continue what you have so well begun. *Humanity* speaks you—“*Oh! how fair and comely,*” echoed by “*Oh! how fair and comely.*” In the prelude to your festive gratifications, how pleasing is it to your humble *Amthurnensis*, to have to report for a world to copy—the gentlemen of

* Darius, king of Persia, dying of drought, pronounced muddy water mixed with blood a draught, oh! how delicious!

the little Isle affording a great example of securing two gratifications ; the more lasting of which rests in having noticed a *brother*—and that brother a prisoner in Rushen Castle ! This, I see, touches thy feelings ; and who would not join thee in the banquet of *sensibility* ? Could you, I ask, or did you exceed us in—London ? How the ladies anticipated the festivity of the expected day : how the gentlemen were on the alert, preparing to be very complaisant : how music struck up, and coiled their spirits after they had met—face to face : how the ladies almost flew before ; and the polite gentlemen obediently followed after in the dance ; how pleased the parents would be to see youth so cheaply gratified on this occasion, not to be coveted every day ; and how Attraction with his polar influence operated ; and how few had to say —“ I wish I had staid at home,” is left to be resumed, if my pen be arrested for want of variety.

ONE DAY'S RAMBLE TO PICK UP SENTIMENTAL MATERIALS.

Awakened, I rise and resort to homely fare to be braced for action. Plain food is both the cheapest and lasts the longest. Temperance is a virtue. Have the one—thou hast them both. Storm the citadel, and the city is thy own. Vir-

ture has charms. Temperance is a fine painter, and stands with her pencil highly recommended by her finished portraits.

"I'm about. "~~March—halt.~~" "~~March—halt,~~" at the word of command, said my drill-officer, and look around thee—I give thee leave. Looking around me, I exclaim—~~at~~ delicious morning! how odoriferous the air! How sweet is this warbling of the birds; chief of which the ~~warbler~~ how he ascends aloft on his well-poised pinions, and defies your feeble eye! How delightful is every thing in its proper place! yet that is to be sought; not to be found without diligent searching. Search for it diligently, and have it with all its appendages."

Arrived at the handsome mansion of the Deemster* Gawn, I am disappointed. No—"Not at home," to me no pleasing sound, which called up a petty train of sentimental gentry ready to take the field, should we stand in need of their services. I am not, however, absent so far, but that Curiosity taking me by the hand, leads me to the ~~doorhouse~~, where she, spying an ingenious knack of binding up their rows, is left to exclaim—"every country has its devices and customs; and Islanders may be

* Called a judge, in England.

as shrewd and ingenious—nay, as wise as contem-
 nents.” The clergyman receives me. We chat
 the chat of the moment: we talk about books, and
 this “*New, original, concise, expeditious System of
 Education,*” at which I have already hinted. The
 parson likes it, and I am not displeased. I halt
 not here—I must see the Calf of MAN, thus near;
 and improve my very disappointment. Thanks
 due to great civility paid. I am again on the
 wing; and am presently squatted on a gradually
 rising ground expanding my best set of optics over
 the finest—rather picturesque scenery that I had
 viewed in the Isle, on this the western quarter of
 the southern-side leading to the Calf. Some neat
 houses, many less so, with homely cots, here and
 there interspersed, gradually mounting each above
 his neighbour, to the very skirts of the hills and
 mountains, are far from beneath your notice. On
 the left, with a keen eye, through an interstice of
 two mountains, opening to Peel on the north, you
 again may find full exercise for a bold optic nerve.
 Behold, too, what a countless range of sloping,
 fully-faced, pleasant fields, great and small, side
 by side, head to foot, although unequal, yet *quietly*,
 recumbent, and touching each his fellow at different
 angles without jarring, for Maps—for all to copy,
 or be ashamed, no narrow sweep to be embraced/
 at one *coup d’œil*. Advancing further, the pro-

spect becomes more enlarged and grander. What can *I*? It is a field for able limnists. That you would be puzzled where to begin, and where to conclude, is a fine pretext for your humble servant to steal off to his own domain, to the full range of sentimental imagery, to keep blending the *Utile* with the *Dulci*, soaring, sometimes, on well-fledged pinions, mounting higher and higher, and daring the king of birds in his cloud-capt-aërial excursions. What a height thou hast reached, or art aiming at with *sounds* without *meaning*! This is called bombast—but oh! how sonorous.

TO POETS.

On the road to Parnassus, there is a constant succession of delightful views and different prospects. The higher you reach, the finer the view; more eager you grow—you press on—you scorn to faint. On the top, learning with a weak head makes you grow giddy. Something begins to swell your canvas too far—you launch out into the wide ocean—poetic; and sailing along with a fair gale; are you beginning to be elated with fair gales, by sea or by land, to look down from your poetic-lofty pretensions, upon yonder groveling crowd with an eye, perhaps, not of pity, but of scorn? If this picture is too highly coloured for the pre-

sent day, it is well; if not, it extorts the—*fee* on all such learning. Go—hasten with the satchel dangling on thy back: go to school once more—to unravel—to unlearn that high-flown learning of thine, in which thou pridest thy *ignorance*. Go to the honest plodding ploughman. Thou art no company for him, nor he for thee: thou scornest him for his want of what thou hast; he at bottom scorns thee for what thou *thinkest* thou hast; and heartily pities thee for what thou *hast not*! Wantest thou bread; thou, learned as thou mayest think thyself—thou feedest not on camellion's food—a brute insect excels thee—here. Then despise not the ploughman. Wantest thou clothing?—despise not the spinner nor weaver. Eatest thou meat?—despise not the butcher. Wearest thou shoes—perhaps clogs?—despise not an honest, useful mechanic—he is thy brother, to whom as such thou owest all the round of relative duties, which, although many, *Humanity* will help to lessen the most severe, and to sweeten the bitterest. The Christian as he advances grows humbler and wiser.

Now pass on where the dwelling houses begin to dwindle into cots and huts, with an unlimited *ad libitum* ingress to pigs, hens, ducks, and what not. This is truly a homely, and a ludicrous

picture for folks who come to take a transient peep ; but not to insult retired rusticity, although some may stand exposed to censure for want of cleanliness to their own discredit, not of all the Isle. Be civil : civility will best disarm the rude. If they have the picture of poverty in the hut, take it down, and that *quickly*. Thy language being thus seasoned by this preface, thou wilt appear to the astonished inmates, a very HOWARD returned from Heaven. What, didst thou come hither only to saunter, to kill time, to eat and drink cheap wine, and gratify an idle *curiosity* ? What, wilt thou, or wilt thou not, leave an useful monument behind thee ? do a notable *something* to be useful to the living, thyself alive to see, to enjoy, to rejoice over it, wondering most of all that with so *much* thou hast so *little*, even for self-gratulation to say, to whisper *fairly*—" *well done*, I have to be greatly thankful that I have not mis-employed the heavenly boon." But, hark ! do you not hear from another quarter—" I have, I trust, lived to good purposes before *to-day* ; and I will invite good purposes—I will entail a *little* remembrance of my sincerity upon all my estates to make them worth calling estates when thus improved by me, taught at last to know from the highest authority, and to feel too by experience that man was born to do good unsparingly to man,

and get good to himself by so doing, acting upon the principle—*‘To do good is the way to find it.’*

Poor, dear, warm-hearted Burns! much celebrated Caledonian bard; to suffer thee to live so straitened, to die so poor, to publish so much of thy unguarded moments—to raise so costly a monument to thee when dead and mouldered into common-kindred dust, has often raised more than my surprise, although I have been wont to harbour a high opinion of our neighbours beyond the Tweed. In providing for the widow and family, you have, indeed, aimed at a laudable service; and this beneficent after-thought or amendment softens my asperities, abates my censures, and bids—“step cautiously, and wait events.” Motives and *Ultimata* are decisive of character. Nations and individuals have alike been sometimes at odds with consistency; how as it were, for a moment acted beneath themselves; and, by having neglected their prompter, how have they blundered! I advance, and eye land of the poorest description, and much heath where ever I go, but set off with a new—a sea-prospect, widely and grandly expanding to the western world. This does much by way of variety.

POOR THINGS !

Poor things, indeed, if we should judge by *appearances*: cows and calves, you do really surprise me, when, dear quiet creatures, in the face of intense heat, during this long drought, with such a pittance of herbage before you, to me you seem so satisfied—so much at home. You, like your masters, are inured to hard fare, and know no better. The imagination let loose and untutored, *we are all wants*. A plain understanding is preferable to a fancy too prolific. Nip on, and be happy. I will not tell you one word about our rich pastures in England, lest I raise your longings, and do you no good, whom I would not willingly harm—either man or beast. It appears to be laborious work to pick up that poor, scanty grass and bent*. But I seem to hear a *Spokesman*, your delegate—a high character, remonstrating in your Senate House.

HIS SPEECH.

“ Why, neighbours, do you join the sun in robbing our already impoverished pastures of the very nutriment, which, with the blessings of rain,

* A course grass.

would renew the decayed blades and improve our milk. By robbing the land, you rob the cows; and cannot you, dolt-heads—cannot you plainly see that you rob your very selves of what you like, and so much want.” “We never thought of it.” “You never thought of it!” Now you are told—he taught, so that I need not be delegated by my constituents, year after year, to show you the preposterousness of your conduct—carrying off what all intelligent farmers buy, and fetch from far to enrich their lands. Rob them no longer, lest the *penny wise* and *pound foolish* force itself upon the notice of the next traveller, with an obliquity glancing at the bad husbandry of the Manks, near the Calf.

TO THE MANKS.

To the poor Manksman I now address—“Be satisfied—be content to live in that homely obscurity of thine, on such fare as thy narrow earnings will allow, with constant praise and thanksgiving to that adorable Being, who can make thee happy—nay, rich in thy very poverty.”

PAGEENTRY!

If thou, homely Manksman, knowest the sound

of the word only, and hast an unabating itching to learn something further, suffice it for thee to allay thy curiosity, that the object of thy admiration is most of all a fine outside, with a vast deal of parade dancing on all sides of it, leaving, says Madam Chagrin, too often an aching vacancy within, when the farce is over. But hear Candour, interrupting my lady Smarler, asks—"Who sets all these men, women, and very children to work, smiling and singing not as children used to do before the Sunday schools, &c. were instituted in the memorable reign of good king George III.; and not forgotten in the reign of our present gracious majesty, his intelligent son, who needs only to be seen to become—popular, and to be acclaimed as the kind father of a numerous nation. And mark, every time that thou turnest thy eyes on Pageantry, and his train, think that thou seest the beautiful picture above at full length. Paint with thy finest pencil, and with thy effort, how happy the rich must think themselves to be enabled to make these dear associates happy—ay! how happy to have an opportunity of earning a pittance, even with sweat on their foreheads! I repeat, with this picture in full view, we will, oh! Pageantry, wish—we will dare to advance, all, even plausible arguments in favour of thee, ostentatious as thou appearest to the transient eye of him who reckons from appearances."

See me now entamped in a little cottage, reared from square seds, a new structure of a novel plan, partitioned from the parlour by a straw-wrought matteress. What a combination here, within so small a compass! Its best furniture—how mean! But when Contentment says—“*We are rich in our very poverty,*” I am silenced with the paradox—*rich in your very poverty!*

THE POTTERY, OR CROCKERY WARE.

The Manks matrons, like those of Scotland, are fond of crockery ware, some having two, others three large earthen vessels at hand; and see too what a number of pots, basons, &c. of different size and complexion, reclined in order, one gently resting upon his neighbour, seem to speak what you, with all this fine taste about you *now*—what grandeur you would more than affect if you were really *English* or *Scotch* ditchesses. Oh! what a *begone* to your old pots, and your *old finery*. The Manks women, I have here to notice, are rather of the size diminutive, but with many exceptions, exhibiting numerous fine portraits. Many have fine black eyes, and some with orbicular, some ruddy, many sun-burnt faces, alive to chat, going like the Scotch, bare footed and bare legged; while the *higher class* come nearly under the de-

scription of our well-educated, elegant, and polite in England, having in the Island fair opportunities from excellent teachers.

Penury being house-keeper here, pleases not ; and being feelingly—nay, *audibly* addressed by my old troublesome companion, called by me, rather fancifully—*venter latrat* *, I'm off, eying poverty and desolation going hand in hand, upon my nearer approach to the Calf of Man †.

I am now reclined in another cottage, far more disorderly than the one which I had just quitted, tenanted by a father, wife, and two sons. Topsy-turvy in full dress—a very *tout en semble* of disorder, haunted by a surreptitious, unpolite lodger, admired by none, because an enemy to all. If you had witnessed with me the bleared eyes of the distressed old matron, a picture, for pity to pity, and *curiosity* to gaze at, but not to admire, you would have joined me in bidding—“pull the cot down, and this way strive to get rid of this troublesome inmate ‡. Such a medley was this as would have puzzled *Hogarth* himself, to have crowded all into one group—fairly.

* Hunger, or growling in the *interior*.

† An Island consisting of 800 acres of land, about 70 of which is, or was in tillage.

‡ Smoke in full uniform.

THE PIG.

A TALE COMICO-TRAGICAL.

The tiny, dirty pig I espied sleeping among the warm peatashes in a hot summer's day! Grunt—grunt on until I have drawn these delicate features of thine. Thou seemest to share the salamander-nature thou volunteered so closely to the fire. Aroused, I begin to tickle him on the side with my foot, and presently brought *bristly* down, having by this early capitulation confessed that one set of his nerves were very ticklish and weak. I now shoved his tail near his favourite element, and was surprised that he did not start and recede. Now I draw a leg to try his mettle farther; but it would appear that the continued tickling, and the pig's supineness had so far diverted, or deadened his animal sensibilities, as to out-match—to defy the very element of a fire such as this.

A bull-dog will rather die than quit his hold. Poison expels poison. One passion—one feeling counteracts another. Oh! pig—happy in thy insensibilities: happy in thy want of prescience; didst thou but know that the mixture which thou art about to share in the cot with the cock, the

hens, and ducks, and all these fire-side indulgences, which thy kind dame is so lavish in bestowing, are only to fatten thee, and then——here will I hold, only alas ! alas ! my pig.

While the chat is kept alive with question and answer : while eggs are boiling : while the coarse oaten cake is baking : while hunger is impatiently looking on gapingly : while the exclamation is hatching—oh ! how would the very poor in ENGLAND huff this rough mess, which nothing but hunger and self abasement can improve : while hens, ducks, &c. are peeping about slyly and roguishly here and there for crumbs—for any thing they can catch or steal : while the pig is grunting and haunting his favourite element, anon starting up for his share of what was going on among his catch-who-can biped messmates ; I enjoy the ready-at-hand scenery, and prepare it now as a fine—an exquisite trait for the sentimental pen. One shilling is to ferry me over the sound with my little civil hostess, who had an errand thither. Good offices early repaid, most effectually prepare the way for fresh applications—for repeated civilities. Approaching the ferry, we spy a boat about fifty yards distant from the sea—this is seized upon ; and while we are all called into action—all struggling *vi et armis*, the senior bawls out “ *you ought*

to pay three shillings," to which "*who pays us*" being pretty smartly opposed—he is hushed. After some puffing, &c. we four got this old leaky-looking, murky boat to the shore, not without a grumbling from one whose best part of his finery had come too near the pitch. Pitch, fire, and tow, are dangerous—destructive things by combination. Nor do thunder and lightning hurt but by coming in contact with matter. "*Obsta principiis.*"—HOR.

Well, after this union of nerve with a half-wry face from age, see us embarked; when, after having sailed about one hundred yards, we are hailed by a youth, whom we shipped; and the brawny arm of the father on which we had relied, is now exchanged for the slender arm of this youth, to be borne out by the *volunteered* arm of my ruddy-cheeked matron. Why this retrograde—this stealing off without an apology, I know not; but this I know—that man is selfish, and often starts for it. Had HE, who rides on the whirlwinds, turned the whirlwinds upon us, we and his two sons might have all suffered in this strait among these tremendous rocks, for this desertion of the father. But that Almighty, who rules the whirlwinds, tides, and tempests, was kinder to us, than we are to one another—he spared us all! See us landed, and behold me

scrambling up a steep, rough stair-cased rock, from one quarter threatening the deep below. Frightfully frightful! While a *nescio quid* chat took us by the hand, we hie to the *Light-Houses*. They surprised—they agreeably—astonished us! Am I in Solomon's temple, in the Calf of Man; or am I indeed translated to Jerusalem by the invisible agency of *fairy* spirits, on whose divinity and abilities the homely Manks, I am told, repose a confidence of lengthened date? Expressive silence speaks far more than I can, and bids—“hasten each for himself, no proxy here, where these sea-beacon-luminaries and their appendages conspire with utility and uncommon splendour at once to—astonish and to please.”

The directors of the two *Light-Houses* claim from me an acknowledgment due to great civility. They invited me to stay over night with them to witness the astonishing effulgence of the great combination of the two light-houses, moving and acting in concert.

Man! thou art subtle at devices: ingenious above measure:—canst swim in the sea:—canst fly in the air:—canst draw fire from the clouds:—canst hew through rocks, and descend into the bowels of the earth:—level mountains, and fill up vallies;

yet *Humility* riding upon an ass is worth more than all this, because it tends more directly to secure our peace and most lasting—happiness. Upon our return to the boat—the boat is vanished! What means this? Who sports with us thus? The boat is gone! *Strange!* to a stranger. Have the fairies thus arrested our progress, meaning to confine us in this *St. Helena*, the late prison-house of him who made so many nations of the earth to tremble, and unite? Our honest fisherman, you must know, had made free with another fisherman's boat, who was then on the *CALF*; and, hastening to decoy the strolling herring, thought he had a right to employ *his own* boat. We, thus bereft of our conveyance, are at a stand; but by hailing a boat plying not far off, we are freed from a momentary suspense.

The first sight of some objects—of some dangers, is most alarming. The first voyage of a freshwaterman is so. The fox approached the lion the first time full of trepidation; by and by we see reynard emboldened, and grow familiar.

After a little altercation with these gentry, who found us thus netted, we are all landed at my second expence. This way, at that time, did the good folks manage it with your *Gleaner* on this

little E.T.A. Things got a little wrong—but were soon set right. It is better to be passive than active to no great purpose. Oh! how often have we been guilty of making much to do, and of talking much about——O!

After parting compliments exchanged, and a little of my *hobby-pedestrian*, see me at *Port-le-Murry**, a little sea-port, with a little quay, a good harbour, an excellent spacious bay, but commanding little trade. Here I am refreshed with good cheer; and here I am regaled with the conversation of the representative of a Miss C——a, who being, I understood, a *sentimentalist*, but absent; I, after having laid on my oars awhile, had almost discovered *something* by saying—"Hang her!" but I hope the "hang her" of the moment, being not—pre-pense malice, like manslaughter, will find a palliative. Sheltering my infirmity under the protection of her surname†, I reluctantly retire, as the sun is hastening from the little Isle, to bid "awake"—elsewhere.

The conversation of well-bred and well-educated females is engaging. A good female companion is, indeed, a great sublunary blessing. Mothers should be solicitous about qualifying their daughters to

* Mary, in English.

† Christina.

shine in their respective spheres. Ladies, as ladies, but all—all to be good wives, as it is a delicate—a ticklish point for a husband to attempt setting right, where so much is to be hazarded.

HEAR ME, YOUTH AND AGE.

On my way home, I had once more—from the old quarter, to repel a threatened invasion on the rights of a gentleman, styled *Politeness*, whom almost every one justly admires; yet not a few are so unpolite as frequently to insult, by rudely invading those rights.

Imitate not, nor join in; what is repugnant to your own feelings; temperance, and good manners; that we may no longer have to reproach ourselves for being hood-winked or duped by any one, however exalted he is, or may think himself. Sterling politeness does not importune. My Lord, or the General, or the Esquire, invites thee, a raw, inexperienced youth. Thou art now about to enter the fields where too often, "*Anguis latet in herba.*" There now beginnest to be tried. It is now, my dear youth, with all thy learning, if it prove not of the sterling sort, thou hast to tremble. Fear—tremble for fear; and, as early as possible, hie thee home, lest thy retreat be cut off. Hie thou home,

I advise, to thy harmless books; but abate thy ardour for *Heathen Authors*, particularly the *nauseanda* of the *Poets*, who, while they satirize the vices of their own age, speak too plainly for the present. Think what a list of excellent *English* divines, and *English* authors of all descriptions we have, for each to choose, and where each may suit his taste. Nor forget to consult thy own domestic oracle—*Common Sense*: but most of all consult the *great Oracle*—the *Scriptures*, and walk by them. False passiveness, &c. have, it is much to be feared—have slain more than Saul with his thousands, and David with his tens of thousands.

Oh! *false politeness*—Oh! *faulty generosity*—Oh! *blamable liberality*—think what evil—lament the mischief, ye *have* done; and be ashamed and cease—for ever. Each must guard for one against this false complaisance, and all should protest against inebriation from excessive drinking; against this vice delusive, in *primo limine*, in the threshold, from its wearing so many seemingly innocent—pleasing traits in its ensnaring countenance; from its not appearing to be what it mostly ends in—the alas! *continuation*; and from its desolating strides entailing misery wherever it marches as victor.

And do I seem to hear my readers unite in ap-

plauding the benevolent intentions of their *Stranger* for hazarding much by speaking so freely. You are kind, indeed, and your countenance cheers me. ~~Invidiously-malicious~~ aiming at no individual—you cannot—you must not—you certainly will not be offended, while I am labouring thus earnestly to add to your happiness, and that of a surrounding world. And if, happily, your happiness should be improved, and a surrounding world share with you—this will be teaching! *Utile Dulci* will then, indeed, be *Utile Dulci*, with more than mere credit to the author, and with more than a bare *Euge!* from Monarda—its source—encouraged in England—its cradle and its nurse.

A COMPLIMENT DUE TO THE ACTIVE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.

Friend! I have indeed long admired thee, and thy manners so refined. Pr'ythee, Friend, where wast thou taught to so far excel great scholars? Tell me where, that I may inform the world, and bid come—learn—and imitate.

THE 'FRIENDS' COLLEGE.

Go to the *ant*: she will instruct thee, if thou art studious. Go to the *dog*: he wallows in the mire,

and grunts, to be understood, and—avoided. Go to the horse: he will neigh—he will plough—he will bear thee on his back—he eats and drinks so much, and no more. A lesson this for one—for all. “What thinkest thou of this horse of mine?” “Who made thy horse thus useful—thus tractable?” “Good training. Seest thou not, from a fond partiality, that child of thine—how rude!” “What, Friend, I ask thee—what must I do with him—whither send him?” “Put him without a demur—without flinching—into good trammels—into the hands of a faithful tutor; and then, haply, thy child will be a match for this horse of mine. Train thy son *well*, and he will love thee *much*. Break him well, and he will not break thy heart. Does thy head ache? He will grasp thy aching head: he will incline: he will weep over thee. Who would not do more than many too fond parents do to have such a child taught to be thus loving—thus dutiful?” Copy here, while eying the *Friends*, an ornament, each to himself—to no one besides. Copy here, ye falsely polite, and drive not jokes too far; nor suffer thy tongue ~~once~~ to utter, even under the protection of thy own roof—*“We will make him drink.”* Sayest thou so to thy servant when he goes to water thy horses? It is well that thou art not beyond the reach of useful reproof. Do not ~~I~~ more than seem to hear.

a world and thyself join in applauding thy honest friend and advocate for this pointed lecture, directed to correct thy *mistimed hospitality*:—"We will make him drink,"—but could not—ends the tale, and shuts the scene—but not the Tour.

THE RECONNOTTERER DEMANDS A
PARLEY TO QUALIFY A PART OF
PAGE 156.

But pleased as I lately was with my fine scheme of commercial *finesse*, I seem to stand a little corrected when we are told that, in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823, there were imported 1,061,221 *Leghorn bonnets*, which cost 1,500,000*l.*, which money sent abroad puts out of employ 200,000 girls. And plaited straw imported has co-operated to farther—much injure the poor, while the *Bonnet Sewers* also loudly complain.

This is, indeed, a sorrowful account, glancing as it were at our miscalculations. With a wish to soften this apparent bad policy, we ask—"How far an equivalent, by way of commerce, may not, in the end, arise out of this profusion of ours to foreigners? While we all contend that "*Charity should begin at home*;" yet not to be too much estranged, even from strangers, has its policy, since

commercial interests, etc. to conciliating and to binding. Balance of powers, and balance of commerce, we venture to remark are ticklish things, and with difficulty managed and evolved, even by accurate calculators, and able politicians.

A PLEASANT VISIT, WITH AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

I should have noticed sooner, that, through the vicar of Kirk C. R——, I am invited to pay my respects to the Rev. V——r G——l, at Douglas.

After "be seated"—from politeness, the conversation proceeds from question to answer. Warm hearts and congeniality are presently at home. Like generates its fellow. No demurs—no standing still among the sociable. One word introduces many, and often far from important, we must confess. Chat—hurt no one maliciously, and chat on to fill up a vacancy—to unbind thy bow; and then, with thy bow nerved and bent, begin to achieve afresh.

An invitation accepted to a cup of what the fair like, and, smirking, talk over so prettily, and so wittily; but as ten and self are not familiar, I am politely not importuned, but left to my *and* *delights*.

While tea is drank, I am indulging over *my* good cheer ; and after having surveyed a pretty portrait again and again, I say to myself—"These young ladies—how beautiful and engaging! must be, I suppose, a tea-party here." When the Rev. undeceives me with engrossing the *whole*—with challenging them all for his own :—I could not deny it, wishing that each of the fair daughters may exchange their paternal roof for a better—is no bad wish. This picture pleases much : it was one—the *best* part of my treat. To make more than a *dessert* of this family banquet—this group, is venturing—shall I say—too far ?

Children! aim, with divine assistance, to make yourselves dear to your parents, and you will not "*reckon without your host.*" Children, by obeying your parents, think what a promise you entail upon your own persons ; and be determined not to follow a multitude to do evil to others—or to injure yourselves.

CURIOSITY ASKS A SIGHT OF MY MS.

" Sir, I rather court than decline what you request, to be guided by your opinion and superior judgment, being myself a stranger to the taste and habits of the people here."

The V——r G——l reads, and smiles his approbation, by saying—"it would do—it would take," or words of this import, noticing—"There has never been a *Sentimental Tour* in the Isle of Man." This served to lead me on; and the V——r G——l will, I trust, have the goodness to be among the first to be candid, and to help me out. *Man was made for man.*

WELL-MEANT REMARKS.

As one stroke of a hammer does not drive a nail to the head; as one soldier does not gain the victory; as one night's lucubration will not make a scholar; so does not one shower of rain—in general, sufficiently moisten the arid ground. Ought we not then to be doubly thankful for the late repeated fine showers*? We see—we feel the rain in its effects: we taste of it in its consequences: it is wonderful in its progress—in its operations. *Physico-theology* and *Natural Philosophy*, how little do many of us know of you; and how shamefully do we displace you with your numerous retinue of beauties and embellishments for studies and pursuits—how inferior! Read Job—read him again—what thinkest thou of his sublimity, &c. now? What thinkest thou of Homer—

* After an eight or nine weeks' drought in 1821.

of Virgil, &c? We disparage not these incomparable *Heathen Authors*:—these delights, and surprise, and attract, perhaps—too much. I repeat—we see—we feel the rain; but how few have the *curiosity* to ask—“Whence do these repeated showers come, and whither go they?” These showers have their fountain in the immense ocean. Thou probably—grown curious, wilt ask—“How come they hither?” “By the beams of the sun or subterraneous steams, are the watery particles exhaled into the higher regions, where they hover, or undulate till grown too heavy; or being disturbed by the winds, with other causes, they as it were lose their footing, ~~so~~ come tumbling down to be greatly useful to us, who so little admire this grand chemical process of that great God, who made heaven and earth, and upholds all things by his almighty power! How is lightning—how is the thunder generated? What makes the flame and smoke ascend? What makes apples, &c. grow? Questions such as these would rouse youth to scrutinize *nature* in her wonderful operations, and lead to discoveries new and strange to *ignorance*. If the children of the rising generation were taught lessons of *Natural Philosophy* more at schools, these might be the happy means of diverting their tender minds from frothy objects into a finer channel; and prove an useful vehicle in withdrawing their

groveling thoughts from the discreditable allurements of a deceitful world. This is the great *hic labor—hoc opus* of parents and teachers united.

Thus cared for—thus guarded—see them so fight as to come off victorious, while ye hail yourselves happy in living to enjoy with them the spoils of a bloodless victory! This is a sight! you exclaim. Have it each for himself. Copy NELSON. Eye WELLINGTON. Be each a Nelson—each a Wellington, in the useful walks of domestic life. But see ye not greater heroes than both of these: Open the *Bible*—read the *New Testament*. Looking beyond Nelson: forgetting Wellington—copy here, where we read of few trophies, or monumental arches or pillars; but where *sure* and *large* pensions are entailed to faithful heroes—for ever!

ACCUMULATED HAPPINESS ARISING FROM AN EARLY GOOD EDUCATION.

Is thy child inclined to luxury in clothing—in eating? Is he ambitious? Watch his early main-spring propensities. Wouldst thou adorn—embellish thy child? Let him clothe the poor. Look at this picture. Thou hast it in thy CHARITY SCHOOLS. By handing to the poor what frequently, in the end, injures your own children, ye

teach them to be beneficent: you warm their hearts in the art of giving, and you rejoice with them in the retrospect: you furnish them with a pleasant antepast for each succeeding day—every day is a day without a cloud in this cheerful employment. You fire your child with a spirit of emulation by your own example. You offer a grateful sacrifice on the altar of a pious—benevolent heart. You repay by your donations the donor's goodness, who forgets not to replenish your store. You eye every child as a brother. You rear a healthful child, this way made doubly valuable. You entail his gratitude, his love, his prayers—his every thing that is good. You secure the thanks, the blessings, the prayers of the poor, made rich by being your debtors. You anticipate the joys of Heaven by indulging your minds in labours of love while on earth, in these pleasing exercises, where even luxury is not to be glided with—“*oh! sit on thee.*” Here I repeat—the rich have a wide field to range in—to be envied, if envy were admissible. The rich are rich, indeed, while divesting the poor of their rags of poverty; and by making others less miserable, make both parties more happy. This, I hear you exclaim—this is “*accumulated happiness.*” Who—who would not wish to sit for such a portrait as—this? ~~Will~~ thou not sit to be drawn by this portrait?

—What wilt thou still lurk in a corner, to be protruded thence by an unwelcome guest ; and then we see thy heir, presently gamboling in the meridian of thy faded glory, and of that sun of thine, which now warms him ; but which seldom ever rose so high as to warm either thyself or thy poor neighbour ?

A LECTURE SERIOUS AND SINCERE, FOLLOWING UP MY BLOW.

Pamperest thou thy darling ? Thou wouldst not certainly injure him, if thou didst *really* love him. Then pamper him not, lest we suspect thy sincerity. Let him have books and toys to engage his volatile spirits ; but pamper him not—to sensualize him. Watch him here. Now, thou dost, indeed, love him, by overawing him, rising superior to a mother's pardonable weakness, while sacrificing thy own naughty temper, which thou didst indulge whilst thou wast foolishly indulging thy child. Wast thou not his mother until thou didst read, and devoutly consider that I could have no private interest in opposing this natural torrent—this mistaken affection of a too fond—a foolish mother ? Now we see thyself and thy child, what every child and mother should be, arising out of thy own improvement, thy listening to good advice,

THE PICTURE REVERSED; OR THE
 "WEEPING, FATALLY-DOATING MO-
 THER."

Why didst thou pamper thy son, thy heir—to a fault? Thy heir has left thee, dear, too fond mother, heirless to weep, and to justly accuse thyself for having pampered him so as to have cut him off just in his bloom—him on whom thou didst lately so fondly doat! Did not thy husband—thy superior, again and again chide thee for this mistaken indulgence? Begone—for ever—begone such sensibility as this which murders thy own child. Sensibility such as this—what harm hast thou not done! Thy great abundance made thee overlook what would have been most salubrious for thy son. Depriving him of plain diet, thou hast lost him. Did not that Almighty *fiat*, which said, *"Let there be light, and there was light,"* make all things good, and nothing to be hooted—nothing to be despised. Hadst thou but given to the indigent, who are daily crouching here, a meager ~~train~~, what thou hast lavished on thy spoiled child, thou, most probably, mightst still have seen thy dear, lovely child—healthy and cheerful; whilst we might have saluted thee, day after day, a smiling and a happy mother. Thou too mightst have seen

thy poor neighbours grateful and happy in having such an almoner. Thou and thy husband might still have been rejoicing over such an heir with such expectations. You might have heard the poor—all the neighbourhood praising you. Your rays might have warmed the poor—warmed them into gratitude. Your example might have provoked other rich ones to emulate you. Oh! had you fortunately gotten into this way of thinking and doing, it would have led into the very road that conducts all to true peace and happiness—in the end; and "*finis coronat opus*" here presently, and steps in—patly. Now thou art detailedly—labouredly told. What I suspectest thou this advice—this gratuitous receipt?—Go, then—go, for thy physician for—a better.

A VISIT TO J—— W——, ESQ. OF DRUID'S PLACE.

At the instance of Captain H——* I hasten to pay my respects to this great adventurer. Arrived at *Golden Grove*, I found that Mr. W—— was gone four miles farther to another residence of his called *Druid's Place*. Curiosity of the genuine kind pursues its object through all its mazes, and often returns with—"Fool that I was."—Not so here. If this gentleman was led

* Since made a Deemster, or Judge.

into a mistake in his estimate in so large a domain-purchase, I have to hope that he will, in the end, profit to the ultimate good of himself and his fine family. Some purchasers prefer the "*multum in parvo*"—and *vice versa*, i. e. a wide extent of land, if it be the worse. We dare to hint—the latter will keep the owner going, and his labourers sweating to little profit. After having peeped into a scattered library of rare books, which I quitted with my mind still among them—

"Sua quemque trahit voluptas."—VIR.

Books rare, &c. are attractive—the very *hobby* of scholars—I am called off to dine on delicious felly-mutton, and turnips of rare flavour, with items more than enow, which bids me press into my service of remarks :—"You enjoy the best of good things here ; and it would be a pity, if a liberal board should find too quick a repetition of customers, as a liberal man's good wine, high-flavoured venison, &c. have too often removed the man himself to economize on hard fare ; and, perhaps, to be really happier than amidst an idle profusion of splendour. Music from the esquire's amiable daughters, was, on my declining other cordials, to me the richest treat. Thus refreshed—thus enchanted, who would not have wished to halt ?—But halting would not do : the stronger

impulse always takes the lead: the heavier body impels the lighter; and many little clamours on the tympanum will startle supineness itself into action.

THE PEDESTRIAN READY TO PUT OFF
HIS CHARACTER—PREPARING TO BE
MOUNTED ON A BLOOD MARE!

Hear the Pedestrian bid—“retreat thou shabby, mean fellow, I know thee not now. Whilst I felt it my duty to walk—I walked; but times being changed, I am much disposed to enjoy the moment: the change may do me good. It will, at least serve for an experiment; and it will keep me out of the dirt. Farewel, my dear lad, fare thee well *heartily*, until I cease to find better company than thyself. But, peradventure, we may meet again ere yon bright luminary which now gilds the skies, has twice run his course.

Off I venture on a blood mare, which displayed such mettle as made me exclaim—“What it is to be well-bred!” This is a youngster! How she bickers and holds up her head: has no need to be rebuked, whipt, or spurred. Mr. W——’s son, who attended me, although, only about ten years

* “Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum virtus.”—HOR.

† Mistaking her age—twenty years, from her mettle.

of age, exhibited such ability—pedestrian, and agility, as made me resort to remarking that—“high exposed situations brace the nerves,” &c. We arrived at *Airy Kelly*, or *Druid's Place*, a situation much exposed to winds and weather, in the vicinity of prodigious glens, whence you gradually ascend to *Snagfold*, the highest mountain in the Isle. Hospitality and civility to a stranger whose fatigue chained him from enterprising a quick retreat made him feel doubly gratified. May peace and plenty rest with him, wherever he be, that on this high, bleak abode, can in a society made pleasant by his affabilities—can make a very *Tempe* of it, without journeying to *Thessaly*. The dense clouds and mists enveloping the vale the next morning, I am deprived of the object so near my grasp—I am prevented from ascending to that sublimity whence I might have been enabled to view England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. See all these—what are they? Put them into the scale against the whole world: thou, a novice, mayst well be surprised at their *nothingness*. Mr. W— and self run over a little variety of discursive conversation. This gentleman appears a friendly, sociable, polite, ingenious man; and I have no objection to *dele* “appears,” willing to be guided by this picture before me. Appearances both guide and misguide; while experience, being the touch-stone, is decisive. Mr. W— could

afford me no assistance, nor furnish me with any materials for my tour, being himself disposed to publish something, by and by. This leaves more for self-ingenuity: more for originality—the grandest effort of all, when the *regium numisma* is well stamped; where the *lucidus ordo*; the *simplex munditiis*, &c. appear in neat robes—new fashioned, seemly, nor devoid of attraction. “*Cape qui habet*” is not meant to mark out myself, being aware of my many deficiencies. *Cape qui habet*—*who has a right claim*, leaves each to think—and each to weigh, and be not too—hasty.

After a comfortable repose, see us partaking of a good Manks breakfast on new milk, boiled long and gradually, with a gentle mixture of oat-meal of a particular manufacture. Both good, wholesome, and cheap. What items to swell the board, I forget. Nature, thou wouldst be good, and nature still—still ready to supply our reasonable wants. Oh! *Luxury*—oh! *Fastidium*—get you gone: you end badly, and that is bad—indeed. I retire on foot, with my little, lively mountaineer—a very paragon of the *ordo pedestris*—honourable at home—honourable in the army. With this fine, chatty, smiling youngster, I was not solitary; and if thou prove not a bright fellow, my discriminating acumen fails me. Poor, dear child, this enterprising spirit which I seem to discern in thy motions,

may, by and by, hurry thee from home, to be bold and daring, to acquire riches and get a name; and may, return—poor and disappointed; and yet, in the end, return to be improved—made happy by thy very—disappointments. Who would not be disappointed upon such terms as these?

A letter in charge from my host to post that very evening with a leaky memory, by raising my apprehensions, saved my credit. A neglect or forgetfulness here might lay us open to much blame, at the disappointment and hurt of another. Every one of the leaky-memored fraternity should devise schemes, each for himself. My kind host was not disappointed, whilst I was pleased in having an early opportunity of being this way useful. Man, I repeat, was born for mutual good offices: now it is thy day; now I am called into action.

THE SENTIMENTAL GLEANER, OR TOURIST, NOT HAVING BEEN ABLE, FROM MIST, &c. TO ASCEND SNAEFIELD, VENTURES TO PICTURE A LITTLE SCENE IN HIS OWN WAY.

J— W—, Esq. from his eminence in the Isle, was chosen president at the great FETE, which was

held on Snæfield, at the conclusion of the last war; whom, from his pleasing traits in character, I seem to hear haranguing the party convened.

“ *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

“ It would ill become me, whom your partiality has assigned this honourable post, not to improve this fair opportunity to give a tongue to my impressions.

“ I cannot but remark that we have pitched upon this elevated situation, rather *fancifully*, perhaps, than expecting any charm from its height. *Curiosity*, we see, has invited a respectable assemblage of persons hither, as if well pleased to labour for their gratification. We have much indeed for the eye to survey; but this is not our errand at present. The ascent being too steep for age to blend with us; they will, we trust, enjoy the happy occasion nearer home.

“ When we consider what a war this has been, and how many enemies we have, during a great number of years, had to cope with: what loads of money have been swallowed up: what torrents of Englishmen’s blood have been shed—poured out on foreign plains: what sorrow and bitter lamentations of fathers, of mothers, and near relations, at

home; we have certainly this day a proper subject of reasonable exultation; and if we keep within decent bounds, this natural ebullition, arising from the conclusion of PEACE, may furnish no severe regrets for a future day. Happily secured in this little Isle, under a mild—indulgent government, and under the wing and auspices of our paternal NOBLE DUKE, our Chief Magistrate, who, we trust, will ever blend his feelings with our best interests; from the world we have not much to dread—for ourselves; but, removed as we are from apprehensions of a hostile nature, we still have to feel for the vital interests of dear old England—our sister isle. And whilst ONE, far higher than the highest mortal man, was preparing to baffle our common foe—we could not but fear for the issue! To the GOD OF ARMIES our first allegiance is rightly due; and we must take care never to abuse the blessings of peace, so as to have occasion to be scourged by a fresh—perhaps, a severer war. The expressions of loyal and honest hearts will, this day, serve to enliven our FETE. The oxen—see! how they have been labouring to announce the triumph. The roaring cannon, which they have dragged up this steep ascent, proclaims *Peace*—PEACE to all around on this auspicious day—a day to be greatly remembered by this style of its celebration, novel in the annals of the Isle of Man.”

THE ANECDOTE FROM MY LITTLE—
 LADY MANKS, NOT 2½ MILES FROM
 BALLA SALLA. THE PORTRAIT-STORY
 IN MAN: THE ORIGINAL DRAUGHT
 AT U——, NOT 11½ MILES FROM PEN-
 RITH, IN CUMBERLAND.

Hear ye all, my dear misses and maiden ladies—
 —listen, youth and old batchelors.

G—— D——, esquire, of U——, worn out with
 alternatives, “whether *shall* I, or shall I *not*,” deter-
 mined at last, to have a wife and be like other men.
 He sees a fair damsel—must have her—must call
 her his own. She is coy, holds honest. G—— at
 bay. Oh! how fastidious. Poor G—— is alarmed—
 sees every young fellow that looks at his charmer
 as a dangerous rival. You must know our hero
 liked, almost *worshipped* money. He calls this
 idol, and asks—“What must I do? What canst
thou do for me—for me just at a stand—at my
 very wit’s end, about her whom I must have, or
 ——” “Wit’s end, man! hast thou any, simpleton?
 yet I pity thee so condescending, and so ingenuous.
 Hear me: then while I bid:—look like a man:
 dress like a gentleman: every second day level
 what so ill becomes thy chin; and dare—entice

her of sixteen or eighteen, while thou, my dear G—— art verging on to be her grandfather—entice her with a round *jointure*. It is thus thou canst take the lead of the young fellows who are hovering about her, sufficient to keep thy alarms at full speed." A jointure was the bait. The gudgeon looked at—eyed it for some time, nibbled again and again, and at last caught it in earnest, and swallowed it. This jointure included a coach. Well, after marriage, whether she was not every thing that his honour expected, or had infringed her *fidelity* to her lord; he declined putting this foresaid coach into motion, as neither *horses*, nor *driver* were included. The *blockhead*, as he was called, in many things appeared to play off his cunning—his greedy shrewdness here; but this, my dear little lady before me, whom I am just now contemplating, and eying through my fingers, tells me that she gave the artful—lately enamoured old don such a lecture as yoked the horses and mounted the driver! A lecture from a lady of sixteen or seventeen years of age abashed old age and cunning himself. He was ashamed, and instructed by my lady, who deigns me this pretty tale—by her who helped Mrs. D——n to put the horses to the long dormant, musty old coach. Now my dear ladies, see for yourselves that your *jointure-deeds* be well worded: take care to include

the coach and all the items. We will not suffer the fair to be out-witted by Cunning, a gentleman with an ungentlemanly spirit. But, hark ye! my good ladies—be it yours to deserve this courtliness, this coach, these sprightly horses, &c.—be it yours to defy your husbands to rob you of one *iota* of your rights, by your attention—your complaisance upon all proper occasions to them; and be not so ignorant as not to know that your own happiness is inseparably blended with the happiness of your husbands. Read the marriage-ceremony occasionally—attend to, and be guided by its good intentions. This will help best to yoke the horses, &c. without *parchment*, and keep them yoked. It is this way you will deserve all this attention, and all these indulgences due to the wife. The husbands, they too like attentions; and most of all to hold and maintain their post of domestic honour. Cheapen them not here, nor hazard too far. Rob them not of their prerogatives, lest you rob yourselves of their best affections; and the unhappy begin when almost too late to see each her error, and exclaim in vexation and bitterness of soul—“*Fool*, obstinate creature that I was not to be guided by him in reason, whom I was solemnly bound to honour and to obey.” Come—“*Sat prata biberunt*,” and end my tale anecdotal.

THE MANKSMEN AFLOAT.

After an indescribable ferment in the evening*, see our Manks embarking their best secular interests, and advancing noisily, and slowly, and cautiously—a very fleet with their work half done—the poor herring *more* than *half* caught, by the bait-hook—*anticipation*. Imploring† aid and a blessing from above for wealth and personal safety, is natural enough for dependent man; but yet—how selfish! The herring caught, see them sprawling and struggling the short struggle for breath—for life, and die, whilst *Insensibility* feels not for the pangs of their expiring herring. Their annual bread—their life is very *death* to these herring, whole shoals of which come rolling on. See now the fishermen returned to port—what joy! what volubility! what exchange of language! In what a fine *hubbub*-waterman-like-style they rally it away from boat to boat vociferating—no mute *finger-talking* harlequin have we here. Now look yonder, and see the buyers coming hyingly, not to peep long at, but to make these fine fresh herring their own. The work thickens—the buyers many. See the honest fisherman, full—brim full

* The herring-fishers go out in the evening.

† A clergyman always attends at the first going out, and makes a prayer, &c.

of his traffic, grappling his now breathless prey, or by head, or by tail, careless from very hurry, crying—"clear the way—give elbow room to my—this day's important hurry—this day is, indeed, the Manksman's harvest." Well, he keeps counting, and whilst away some go, others—hurry to buy. This is the work in the day of the Manksman's harvest—a harvest during which he drinks ale, whiskey, and gin, not unsparingly. He drinks his tea too, or coffee, nor spares bread, nor cheese, nor butter, nor good herring well-fed to glut his fill—to fill his crevices. Is not this living—too fast, *abroad*, if a man have a family starving at *home*? And Manks, I tell thee plainly, we envy thee not for thy want of *sympathy*—for thy want of the richest banquet. What are all thy fine fresh herring? If thou fish all—all for that foresaid self of thine, thy enjoyments, I do assure thee, will be much narrowed; and will afford thee but little—very little solid comfort upon a future day, after all thy large captures of what was sent for thee to eat, and be thankful, and be wise.

ECCE!

Look ye—yonder they come! a meager, a ragged, sorry train; but they shall not shew off their finery this way long to the public—to be laughed at—for naught. I, the dictatorial censor

for the time present, allowing his majesty the public revenues, and his grace, the duke of Atholl, the territorial possession—I order that every one of these, who step upon the stage every Monday morning, shall be put into proper scenic dress, like other actors, who honour the Island; and see that each be indulged with what other players like; and in winter, let each be covered with a good *overall*; and then, and not until then, expose thy fellow-man for thy stage-amusement; for your polite visitants to stare at, and pity, to shame thee and thy police. One while see us offended and grow warm; and presently we are forced into a half smile by dint of this picturesque, rich *pauperism**-
scenery of the Isle.

THE POST OFFICE!

The Post Office positively does declare—"If thou do not come, or send for this letter of thine, whether charged with expectations or not, thou must want it—to Doomsday, unless, by *chance*, we can send thee word. Sayest thou so? Prove it the best plan *pro bono publico*, and we have done—we yield and applaud.

I seem to hear a leading merchant observe—
 "Although I could save many a penny in a week

* G. T. heard it intimated that this would be done away.

by going or sending to the post office; but finding it awkward and embarrassing to so many, I will be among the first to disclaim this post office police of ours, as rather unusual; and my round of business will, I must confess, prove but a poor round, when narrowed by too much selfishness, to be henceforth swallowed up in the *pro bono publico*, for which I give, on this occasion, both my vote and my heart." "Euge! leading merchant— whoever thou art: he who inspired thee with these generous sentiments, will, I humbly augur, enable thee to keep thy rank in business, and fulfil for thee thy every good desire."

A TEAR CAN SPEAK—AUDIBLY.

How, whilst I was experiencing a kind reception at J. C—, Esq.'s, and his amiable daughter playing on the piano forte and singing; while the father and mother were engaged, the one in reading my London "*Sentimental Tour*," the other my "*Address to the public*," and whilst I was regaling upon wine and biscuit; a tear said—"I must try to bedew thy cheek, for each to guess—the cause."

GENEROSITY !

I was told that if J. C—, Esq.'s senior tenants could not pay their rents, he not unfrequently for-

gave, or indulged them so that they could start afresh. *Euge!* for the senior; and if the junior has given me, a *stranger*, a notable proof of his goodness by extending it beyond his own threshold, and I felt its influence at *Ballakilinghan*, and at *Ramsey*, have I not an *euge!* for the son also?

LAXEY!

At LaxeY I was so agreeably regaled by a rare degree of civility from the attention of my host's polite daughters, where my entertainment was both good and cheap, as it was at Mrs. C——'s, at Ramsey, that I cannot but briefly notice it here.

THE RENCONTRE.

Now think you see me *en passant* paying my gentle court to, I thought the *master* of a family, who seemed inclined to favour me with his signature; but madam—in *breeches*, issued such a "*quo warranto*" as cooled my gentleman—in *petticoats*. As my lady cooled her spouse by her *native Manks* lingo, to me unknown, I applied to my old friend Virgil, who put into my mouth the four first lines of his first Eclogue, which charmed for awhile; but upon our Mankess resuming.—Ah! me—shall we be baffled by —? Greek—thee

have I courted many years—what canst thou do for me? Homer, still older, whispers—“try the 128th line of my first book.” This hushed my master for a—moment; but upon Mrs. M—— starting afresh, Homer, rather enraged, bawls out—“*discharge full in Madam's face, the two last words of the 34th line of ditto.*”—I did so, and gained the day! Do I hear, indeed, my old friends, the plain Manks again exclaiming—“*What it is to be a great scholar!*”

THE TOURIST SOUNDING A RETREAT FROM MONA.

If I should be minute in detailing how I was detained until I heard the bishop preach an excellent charity sermon for the *national* school, in St. George's church, at Douglas, and relate how much credit attaches to this town for its liberality towards keeping alive this grand institution; and how I waited for the ship Triton, until my last half-crown whispered—“remember my brother half-crown at Carlisle—it might have been useful now.” “Hold thy tongue, and let me proceed noticing how here as at Whitehaven, whilst after I had watched for some days, happening to retire awhile to repose, this Triton unmoored; and how laughably I was a *second* time put to the alert with my kind hostess, in *dishabille*, from the alarm,

hastening with my *glans* in rather too quick a female pace to the ship, hovering at the entrance point of the quay, &c. &c. I should step far beyond my bounds; and offend my printer, who hints—*“Sat prava liberavit”*—for *Shonam*—rescue a something for England, and be more diffuse in a second edition, if peradventure —.

DOCTOR C—N, AND HIS LADY.

They honour the cargo. We sail on. The waves grow tumultuous, level distinctions as witnessed Canute *, that great monarch. Below awhile, now on the deck, the dear fair lady sickened, and was pretty—nay, sickness improved her traits. Matrimony well matched improves in difficulties. The husband, see him: the husband proves the husband by gently inclining to whom he loves—to him an object dear. The doctor with the arms of affection embraces the sickening fair: holds her head, nor quits his gently-tenacious grasp—it was the grasp of an affectionate husband. Again and again I viewed what I so much admired. This

* Upon the puissant king Canute, being basely flattered by his courtiers, as controller of the ocean, &c. he called for a chair; and upon the waves approaching so as to wet his feet, in defiance of his imperial nod, turning about, he reviled them as a set of sycophants.

is a trait for the sentimental pen—this a subject to be seen—to be copied. With little intermission this I beheld; and as long as it continued—I looked and admired, although myself at the *nausea-toil*; but no wife nor friend had I! Sea-sickness levels the great with the little. The sea is calmed. We rejoice. The waves alarm. We must bow obedience to Him who bids to—blow, and to Him who bids be—still. The doctor and his spouse are landed, and off they go, fast hastening home, where ease and quiet with less hazard will abate a woman's alarms. Heaven protect thee, the fair daughter of the Honourable C. S—, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man.

Not having room here to detail the manœuvre of the honest bargemen who hailed and plied—hailed and plied their oars, but oh! how—I hasten to say I landed safe from the Triton, after a mighty *trepidation-pother* about a poor half-pound of tea, which I invited to bear me company from the Isle, to present to the wife of one whom I was taught by more than natural affection to dearly value; and how the idly-waggish sailors, whom I had not courted with *grog*, &c., having witnessed my *dry* temper, raised my alarms to a laughable height, by saying—"if the custom-house officers found this tea in my possession, I would be fined 50*l*.

and put into "*durance vile*," i. e. into prison until it was paid." If so, imaged I in a—moment, I have indeed, "*brought my hogs to a fine market*"—this will be a visit! this will be a story!" "He must hurry to the Isle of Man, forsooth, like other fine folks: pretend to be a *tourist*, issue such pretty, dogmatic, decisive lessons to others—be ever strongly inculcating—" *Honesty is the best policy*." What will his children say? How will they rate him!" The custom-house officers, they, dear souls, scorned to molest a sentimental man—one too who had not only written, but pretended like his neighbours to fight for his *king* and his *country*, himself included.

THE SHIP LAUNCHING—IMAGINATIVE.

See them hurrying from different quarters, in all directions:—great and little—old and young—rich and poor: old women will not stay at home—children will not be left behind. Although this is no novelty, it still serves for a treat—it invites and welcomes all—all must meet to embark their largest wishes—each to be *somebody*—to be thrown into the scales to weigh, oh! how—*heavy*, and feel and value each his vast importance. What thinkest thou, my Hogarth, wilt thou dare to here pourtray. L—le, will *euge*! if thou do but tint it neatly—to the life.

Well—the ship, see her launched amidst the thousands, while the thousands joyfully acclaim—
 “Success to the good ship *Lonsdale’s Caroline* of Whitehaven.” The owners are proud of their fine ship: they can hardly sleep composedly for thinking of her—this is natural enough. Oh! how fine she sails before the winds in their mid-night dreams; and, oh! how they cease not to both think of her, and talk about her by day—day after day; and oh! how like very children are these our sons of mighty enterprise. I repeat—how natural this! Their hearts flutter on the occasion: their pulse runs high: their nerves vibrate—are full of music: they anticipate unrealized expectations, and mighty gains, yet dormant in the womb of the *to-morrow*, which by appalling their cloud-capt-aërial expectations, and having ingulphed these high-flown expectations in the greedy deep, may put a sobering caveat to their fresh achievements by the—“*No more haste than good speed.*”

REMARK SAYS,

“Let each man as well as the sailor be viewed in this glass; nor let any one dare invidiously to point, and with an eye oblique, and forward lips, pronounce, “*enterprising sailor—thou art the man*”—this is all meant for thee.”

THE COAL TRADE

Is an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Above and below see a very little world on the alert. Money with something else does all this. May you ever find a lasting resource in honest industry; and when age arrests the arm of industry, or misfortune prostrates you, see your kind benefactors, with my Lord Lonsdale at the head, bid—"Be of good cheer—you shall not want bread—we are rich for your sakes—you are poor to enhance the value of our donations." Think of this, ye industrious, and be encouraged.

While the coal trade marches sweepingly along, and puts, and keeps the thousands in motion; the *thread trade* manufactory stands not idle. See too the *roperies*, the *sail-cloth* manufactories, &c. they are not dozing. But sails, cordage, helms, and all the rest, with all human efforts united, would but little avail, if the sovereign of the world bid—"Blow not thou wind—be hushed ye gales." But the sovereign of the world, ever mindful of his creation—kind even with his rod of *correction* in his hand, commands—the winds blow, the vessel sails, the pilot at helm, the sailors at the tackle—they sing, they are joyous.

A POP VISIT TO ST. BEES, IN CUMBER- LAND

Introduces me to the College-room, a structure of Gothic guise—of portly mien; the *nescio quid* *indescribable tout ensemble* of which, by imposing an *expressive silence* upon any attempts of my feeble pen, may serve to raise the compliment to the *dead*, whilst it shuts the scene to the *living*.—We will not shut the scene here to be silent elsewhere:—delegated trusts are serious things, who will deny? but first, I am led to pay my court to the Rev. W. A——, and eye his neat mansion with its *quæque elegantissima—intra limen—within*; and if the antique elm stand aloof, almost leafless—*languishingly* in the front of this mansion, is it meant *hieroglyphically* to remind youth of old age*; and to be a good standing anticipation-lesson for young divines, whose duty it will be ere long to visit the poor—to prop the infirm? &c.

Here your ambassador had it in charge to notice—"If a certain nobleman would enhance nobility, and aim at raising himself above all competi-

* "*Oice per phulloon gencee, toiccede ki androon,*" &c.—
Vide Hom. Il. b. vi. l. 146.

tion by —*." This would ennoble nobility itself; and be greatly in character. This would indeed prove a formidable weapon on many occasions. Gratitude from youth uttering—"Let laurels and fresh honours be entailed on the noble Patron—the *Mæcenæ*s of the northern youth—youth aspiring to learning and honours—honours arising from worth would hail thee, and thy rising heir† with gladsome acclamation; and who—who would not then join these youths, made cheaply grateful, in the strain of the high eulogy—*extincti nondum celebrantur idem!*"

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

That the Grammar School there stands to still be greatly useful is, we expect, no idle compliment.

* *Sub rosa*.—Roses from Italy, were first planted in England in the year 1522, and were consecrated, as presents, from the Pope, and placed over *confessionals*, as symbols of secrecy, 1526; hence the phrase—"under the rose."

† L——d L——r? while thou continuest stepping forward, and art employed in being greatly active by engaging in enterprises extensively useful, expending and encouraging others to expend money, so as to secure a nation's *euge!* How—how hast thou anticipated my moment!—how sheltered thy brethren—*generaliter*, from my now appalled, shrinking artillery men, retiring *Parthian-like* with—"If they hear not *Moses* and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded, although one rose from the dead," which applies to more than electioneering—*ad omnes*.

WORKINGTON.

Schoose-farm, near Workington, presented to my view nearly one hundred labourers of different sexes, busily employed in gathering potatoes in a twenty-five acre field, in a style rather *a-la-militair*, with twelve colours flying, while horses and oxen yoked, pacing gently along cheek-by-jole, held out a lesson for all to learn. We see the wind-mill does more than grind the corn: the thrashing-machine by it impelled, alarms the ear, and bids all hands ply, when dispatch is on the wing. Thus NELSON fought and won the prize. My guide now shews me fifty head of improved cattle; sixty acres of Swedish turnips; and an excellent crop of Mangal Wuzzel. Not farther curious here than hence to remark—"Man is an agent, subtle almost to a fault; but Philanthropy is a pleasant companion—

"Peregrinator—rusticator."—CIC.

Improvements by dint of ingenuity are laudable; and the fine crops, &c. how pleasant they are, and how useful!

The winding up observes—"it is well to plan out work: it is kind to employ the poor: it is

still kinder to sweeten their labours: it is the kindest of all to prove a father, where kindnesses are *kindnesses*; when age can do no more; or when the youthful sinew is slackened by disease. In attending to the one, the *patriot* is a judicious *agriculturist*; while by being engaged *heart and hand*, in the other; the agriculturist is, indeed, a patriotic philanthropist, richly—nay, doubly adorned! "*Cape qui habet.*"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The finest sight to me at Workington, was the grand, large assembly-room converted into a *Sunday-school*, and adorned with *brilliant*s—dear children with *sparkling* eyes, under the tuition of many respectable characters, whose present paymaster is an *angel*: to be entailed on virtue and a pious perseverance. This compliment I here beg leave to retrospectively present to the gratuitous teachers of the Sunday-schools at Whitehaven, due to all teachers of this description, throughout all the nations in the world, and to the patrons also.

COCKERMOUTH NEW BRIDGE.

See! art overshoots the stream: see an art—how useful here! Behold ye the late old bridge, now by

art made *new*, like the Phoenix arising afresh from her ashes—again to combat time, and again by time to be leveled. An useful bridge is a pleasant theme. What disasters from a want of bridges! Age here gave way—see youth step forward. The castle, how bold and daring after its hundreds of years! A sound constitution well guarded lasts long—a lesson to feverish youth. Buildings such as these tell us what alarms and calamities have bid men do. Happy we in these more peaceful days!

KESWICK.

If I should aim at detailing at large the *beauties-romantic* and *notabilia*, of this northern Tamar, which I give in charge to our *Poet Laureat*, greatly distinguished character, with his able pencil to finely pourtray; and what I beg to cursorily notice, I should far out-go my printer's bounds.

See Y——'s dancing-school-room *metamorphosed* into a Sunday-school for the shade even of *Old Ovid* to wonder at, with my *euge*! as a legacy to the respectable *gratuitous* teachers: how the old, long dormant Quaker's meeting house, under the auspices of the generous sons of Cambridge, has unbolted the willing door, for young females to

step in to be taught—to be useful : how I much fear the violation of the Sabbath, in making this Keswick too much a day of gain, may, after all, ~~untempe~~ this our modern *Tempe*. How I called upon the medical man W——, who, by still being usefully active, continues to keep alive his fame : how I pass on eying the pleasant village of Threlkeld on my left, where I have been told, Parson Naughley, of old, having been sharply rebuked by the then Archdeacon of the diocese, for the unclerical *tout-ensemble* dirty *statu quo* of his dome; dryly asked ; “see you Mr. A——, see you *nothing* for your keen eye to admire?”—“Nothing but what I do see—dirt and ——.” “Why thus rude ? See Contentment here ; and go—hasten to the bishop, and tell him I am content amidst dirt and cobwebs.” “Why so tart, my dear N—— ? know Diogenes in a tub, is no mighty compliment.” How I called upon the schoolmaster at Matterdale, asked for butter-milk, and behold honey ! My best return for this attention is to say, M——, be kind to him whom health impaired has cast upon your bounty—be sympathetic—you have children for hazards. How, passing *Routing-gill**, near which is *Walloway*, I am received by the Rev.

* A glen on the S. W. side of *great Mell-fell*, near which the Scots being routed, cried out in their flight—“*neat and weal aye*.”

who with his *dame* is kind and chatty—such is their nature. If the Rev. ask questions, I must repay his hospitality with my best replies. And the tobacco demanding a parley, bids—“taste and I’ll aid your chat.” Ay—this is one of thy pleasures among the many. Oh! tobacco, what taxes thou hast the goodness to pay—who would not hug and commend thee? How cousin T—— opened his manly, cheerful countenance for *Lavater* to dare: how question asked and answered swell the theme. How Hutton John with H——, Esq. returned, whether to stay to comfort a mother, or once more allured from home by “*aut Caesar, aut nullus*” —to hazard—*nescio*. How P——k, under the hill, I thee salute with—“mechanic ingenuity to thee belongs.” Now brother B——n, still full of mother-wit, still full of hospitality, with still enough and to spare; thou yet livest to forge epigrams, yet livest to make epitaphs for other good folks; and, forgetting that thou art mortal, dost thou yet neglect to make one of fair proportion for One who is called—*self*? How I exclaim Dacre—and more than Dacre; you will not—cannot, while grateful, forget him—E. W. H——, Esq., who, more valuable than “*CÆSAR with a senate at his heels*,” imposes an expressive silence upon my pen. Hear him instructing your children at your school, on the Sabbath-day; and will you neglect them at home?

How have senior villagers with their juniors smarted from a violation of the Sabbath-day ! See in more than Dacre, See posterity how decayed ! and moderns—be taught.

NEWBIGGIN SCHOOL !

Stephen Wreay, is still alive ! Ay ! thy memory will not perish. Thy donation to this school challenges gratitude. Ye two purchasers of my estate, do I see you inviting each other to what I have for many years, had much at heart.

Both rich and childless—you shall not—must not remain *childless*; your names, your memory must not—shall not *perish*. We hear your relatives, your very heirs applaud, while the poor villagers feel the good effects of your *honourable* industry ; and exclaim—“ See what they have done for this our long forgotten school ! ” We repeat—they are not dead while they are still living in the valuable memorials left behind them for others to—imitate.

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude, unasked, thou didst inclose something valuable, when I was at the ebb of *14d.* in the Isle of Man—at my *dilemma-work* ; it was Gratitude in the guise of that son, whom my estate

sold enabled me to extricate from what was hinted in the *sub rosa*—of him who is now devoted to the services of the Established Church; and has the father to hope that he shall at this time; stand recommended to the judicious public on account of the great pecuniary sacrifices he made to now see his son more useful in a line of life less exposed to temptations? but still in the field—a warrior.

THE PLEASINGLY-PAINFUL RETROSPECTIVE PICTURE.

She is gone—never to return! The transparency of the family picture is—darkened. The hemisphere is—clouded. When shines the sun—he shines with rays—diminished. Nature seems void of her usual charms: or strives she to charm, she charms as yet—in vain. See how the husband moans over the cold relics of the dear partner—over her, his late ornaments—his best domestic furniture. Her voice and her fingers could draw harmony to the ravished ear. How often have I listened and been enchanted! she is fled—the enchantment is no more—the charm is broken. We behold *her* no more walking with her young, lively train: we see *them* no more sporting in the face of the mother. And when we say—“the wife has not out-lived the affections of her husband,” we say much for the surviving husband,

and the deceased wife. That this may be the eulogetic epitaph, due to future husbands, and future wives, should be the wish of all who would rather regale over a banquet of *praise*, than surfeit on *envy*.

ANOTHER FINE CHARACTER.

She too is gone to return to earth no more! One among the first of the greatly-good—all will freely grant. What harm that virtue claim the meed of praise? Grudge not that one be best, if best for *good*! The world reaps the fruits of virtue. As guardian-tutress of poor females, she with her associates, junior females, was upon the Sabbath-day, usefully engaged. Her bounty husbanded, did not run to waste—she had to spare. *A memento* she entailed on one who will not abate her zeal for those for whom her benefactress ceased not to care. Ye, her associates, if really kindred spirits; if you have, indeed, caught hold of your mistress' mantle—keep fast hold of it; then the work—this "*labour of love*" well begun, will be a good work, indeed, when finished well.

PENRITH CHURCH-YARD.

The church-yard! I heard the tale—anticipated much, anticipation was left behind—had left work

to do—and shall I do it? by saying—“This is at once a notable improvement, and a great ornament—indeed, due to decency from the living to the sacred—solemn ashes of the dead!”

THE LAMPS.

Upon my ingress into Penrith, the mail coach flying before me with its blazing lamps, gives birth to—“Eye these lamps—see ye not their great utility, and be taught no longer to hazard the mishaps of a dark night; nor expose any longer a town so notable for its many late valuable institutions—to the obliquy of strangers.” The mail coach flies, but not so fast as TIME: seize time—employ it well. A few steps more land me at home. Imagination, to thee I speak: pourtray, but with reserve; not so as when from London to my native village I returned, because *One* is not, and some are wanting! Now the *wanderer*, arrived at Penrith, from the pleasant Isle—the Isle of Man, lets fall the curtain, bids—come shut the scene—once more says—come close the Toot.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page	6, line 18, for <i>aye</i> , read <i>ay</i> .
18,	— 17, for <i>human</i> , read <i>humane</i> .
20,	— 12, for <i>will</i> , read <i>will</i> .
22,	— 15, for <i>tarter</i> , read <i>tartar</i> .
39,	— 20, for <i>convey</i> , read <i>convoy</i> .
40,	— 5, for <i>evidence</i> , read <i>evident</i> .
42,	— 11, for <i>woman</i> , read <i>women</i> .
44,	— 19, for <i>outweight</i> , read <i>outweigh</i> .
56,	— 7, for <i>councillors</i> read <i>counsellors</i> .
71,	— 8, for <i>specious</i> , read <i>spacious</i> .
83,	— 14, for <i>affectually</i> , read <i>effectually</i> .
84,	— 9, for <i>found</i> , read <i>lost</i> .
118,	— 21, for <i>truely</i> , read <i>truly</i> .
128,	— 22, for <i>extemity</i> , read <i>extremity</i> .
129,	— 6, for <i>bite</i> , read <i>bile</i> .
226,	— 4, <i>dele</i> ; after <i>time</i> .

Ann Monkhouse



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